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The Examination will be held at the College on September 28 and October 5 at 11.45 a.m. and 6.45 p.m. on both days, and on subsequent Tuesdays at frequent intervals throughout the session.

Application for further information may be made in writing to the Secretary, Department of Science and Art, S.W.; or on and after October 6, personally to the Registrar, at the College, Exhibition Road, S.W.

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The GENERAL COURSE of LECTURES, by Professor W. F. R. WELDON, F.R.S., will commence on WEDNESDAY, October 6th, at 1 p.m.

These Lectures are suited to the requirements of Students preparing for the Examinations of the London University, as well as to those of Students wishing to study Zoology for its own sake. Notices of other Courses of Lectures, to be delivered during the Session, will be given later.

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REVIEWS.

THE IRISH LYRE.

Bards of the Gael and Gall: Examples of the Poetic Literature of Erin. Done into English after the Metres and Modes of the Gael. By George Sigerson, M.D., F.R.U.I. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

A MID much half-knowledge and hasty theorising, such a book as Dr. Sigerson's comes to us with a welcome distinction: it is the work of one who knows. And those who know are apt to be no more than knowing; but Dr. Sigerson, as the crown of his knowledge, has feeling, imagination, taste. He has Celtic scholarship, he possesses the art of poetry, and to these he adds the scientific habit of mind, often, as in Goethe's case, a valuable coadjutor or ally of the æsthetic spirit. The result is a work of extreme interest and no slight importance. He begins his translations with those strange verses of the prehistoric Amergin which, says that most competent judge, Dr. Douglas Hyde, may very well "present the oldest surviving lines in any vernacular tongue in Europe except Greek." He ends at the opening of the present century, toward the practical close of the long and splendid reign of the Irish Celtic tongue, as an instrument of poetry. Himself a "Gall-Gael," he omits to exemplify no kind of Irish poetry written either by the Gael or by their "outland" visitors and settlers, the Gall of the north and west, the Norsemen and the Normans. The list of his sections will show his range and scope: Lays of Milesian Invaders; The Cuchulainn Period; The Fiann Period; Ossianic, Age of Lamentations; The Christian Dawn; Early Christian; Gael and Norse; Gael and Norman, &c.; Seventeenth Century; Eighteenth Century, Patriotic; Eighteenth Century, Songs of the Emotions, &c. It could not be more comprehensive and representative of that great *corpus poeticum*, the work of a people civilised and cultured at a time when England had no arts, no learning, and no desire for them; when Ireland, as Dr. Johnson puts it, was "the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity

and literature"; when foreigners of many nations could write of themselves, as wrote a saint in the eighth century:

"Exemplo patrum, commotus amore legendi,
Ivit ad Hibernos sophia mirabile claros."

This is a notable service to general literature and to Ireland, the richly dowered country of which Sir William Temple writes: "I have often observed with wonder that we should know less of Ireland than of any other country in Europe."

Dr. Sigerson's translations aim at reproducing, or, when that is impossible, at suggesting, the metrical, rhythmical, and other technical features of their originals: the orderly alliterations, the interstitial rhymes, the vowel assonances. He has accomplished it with singular success. It is not very difficult to imitate these devices in original verse, nor to preserve them in bald translation; but to preserve them in translations that shall not be bald nor crude is a remarkable feat, and Dr. Sigerson has achieved it. To take a simple example, here is a stanza from a touching poem of the early thirteenth century—a praise of "The Sacred Heart."

"That in Jesus' heart should be
One like me is marvellous;
Sin has made my life a loss,
But His Cross shall speak for us."

Or again, here is "The Blackbird's Song," found by an Italian scholar "on the margin of an ancient MS. of St. Gall's. The monk had been copying, when the merle sang, and he paused to write this little lay" (A.D. 850):

"Great woods gird me now around,
With sweet sound merle sings to me;
My much-lined pages over
Sings its lover minstrelsie.

"Soft it sings its measured song,
Hid among the tree-tops green:
May God on high thus love me,
Thus approve me, all unseen."

Surely, to paraphrase Tertullian, *testimonium animæ naturaliter Franciscana*, as in the case of a thousand Irish saints, from Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille onward. From two of the earliest of the eighteenth century poems we may take admirable specimens of Dr. Sigerson's power. "The Fair Hills of Eiré" is familiar enough from the beautiful but imperfect versions of Ferguson and Mangan; this is Dr. Sigerson's rendering of its close:

"The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle, the bright apples burn,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,

While the great River-voices roll their music grand

Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

"O, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the e oids
of gold

Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold;

O, the Splendour of the Sunshine on them all,
Young and Old,

'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!"

That is the work of a patriot poet in exile; this is by a poet sorrowing for Ireland at home, to whose comfort comes the Spirit of Poetry, thus wonderfully described:

"Brightness of Brightness came, in loveliness,
advancing,

Crystal of Crystal her clear gray eyes were
glancing,

Sweetness of Sweetness her soft words flowed,
entrancing,

Redness and Whiteness her cheek's fair form
enhancing.

"Cluster of Clusters, her hair descended
flowing,

Swept o'er the flowers in showers of golden
glowing;

Round her a raiment more pure than purest
snowing,

Lofty her radiant race far beyond our
knowing."

One would gladly quote some of the early poems, Christian or otherwise, tremulous with their joy in nature. Saint Columba, saying farewell to Ireland, hardly knows whether he most regrets to leave its beauty or its people: he sings them in one breath:

"Many, west, sweet apples shine,
Many kings and princes fine,
Many snowy-blossomed sloes,
Many oak trees, few the woes."

He loves the pale sea about the Hill of Howth, to sail in his ship *Red-Dewy*, to see the flash of the gulls' white wings; to listen to the blackbird as he claps his wings for joy; to the lowing kine at "dewy dawn"; to the "cuckoo's call at summer's brink." And the pre-Christian poets are full of a like childlike exultation over the beauty of the world. It is a feature of Irish poetry, in whatever language written, up to the present day, this childlike, not philosophical, delight in nature, its colours, and scents, and sounds. For the rest, there is no such thing as "the Irish style" or "the Celtic note," if by that be meant that a sort of wistful Byronism or passionate melancholy, set to somewhat wild and tumultuous melody, is that style or note. Irish poetry is most various, and it has been marked by an astonishing care for, an amazing skill in, technical accomplishment and dexterity; this often to a disastrous degree. The pioneers of Irish literature seem to have found a subtle fascination in forming language into intricate music, in obedience to complicated rule and law: and the same thing is true of the Welsh. It could result in marvels of difficulty overcome to splendid effect by true poets, as also in obscure and soulless compositions by mechanic metro-mongers and poetastic pedants. That Celtic poetry is essentially a wandering wail, a careless shout, is a fiction, rather dangerous to writers who have the laudable ambition of Celticising themselves. In this by no means voluminous collection they may discover how classical, joyous, and humane has been much of the best

Irish poetry, from "Milesian" days to those of O'Connell.

Dr. Sigerson's introduction and notes are full of arresting points. First, there is the momentous fact that in early Irish literature, and there alone, we can view a primitive European civilisation untouched by Rome: a possibility of too obvious a value to require comment. Then there are the gifts of Irish genius and learning to Europe, as when, in Renan's words, "legions of Irish saints and scholars in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries inundated the Continent," bringing with them classical knowledge, philosophy, natural science, artistic crafts of design, and also, as Dr. Sigerson stoutly contends, the gift of rhyme. We think that he hardly makes sufficient allowance for the traces of rhyme in the Greek and Latin classics: indeed, a slight, a very slight, inclination to claim for Ireland the *primordia* of post-classical literature in matter and form is the one possible blemish upon his book. But that the Irish systems of verse had a great effect upon Continental versification is indisputable: as it is, that to St. Sedulius, "hymn-writer when hymns were rare," as Bard Ethell sings, is the chief credit due. A third point is Dr. Sigerson's valiant championship of the "Danes": and assuredly he batters some grievous breaches in what has commonly been considered a well-fortified position. A more important matter, historic justice apart, is the insistence upon the debt of Norse literature to the Irish—a question in which Dr. Sigerson fully corroborates and accepts the contentions of those eminent Norse scholars, Messrs. Vigfusson and York Powell. Very interesting also are the demonstrations of the occasional influence of Irish poetry upon English up to Elizabethan times, when it was chiefly exercised through the instrumentality of Irish airs, and Drayton, that lover of things Celtic, wrote:

"The Irish I admire,
And still cleave to that lyre,
As our music's mother;
And think, till I expire,
Apollo's such another."

But all these are points for the specialist: for the intelligent public it is enough to read and enjoy the "golden treasury" of Irish verse in Dr. Sigerson's English setting. Comparatively few of the poems will be familiar to the English reader; and some famous and familiar pieces, as the "Dark Rosaleen," he will look to find in vain, doubtless, for sufficient reasons. But he will certainly feel his comprehension of the Irish character in art quickened and enriched, while the Irishman will be disposed to answer the question debated in the *Fortress of Finn*, "Where is the sweetest music?" with Finn's own answer:

"This is Song and this is Music,
Spoke our lofty Leader old;
'Blowing breeze' mid moving banners,
And an Army 'neath their gold.'"

For the book is full of noble Irish exultation and of noble Irish mourning.

OUR CENTRAL AFRICAN PROTECTORATE.

British Central Africa. By Sir Henry H. Johnston, K.C.B. (Methuen & Co.)

In recent years no English—or must it now be "British"?—name has been more intimately, certainly none more honourably, associated with the African continent than that of the author of this encyclopædic work. If we mistake not, his interest in that part of the world dates from early in the eighties, when the fruits of a visit to the Portuguese settlements on the West Coast were embodied in a valuable monograph on the races of Angola and Benguela published in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* for 1883. Other expeditions rapidly followed to the Congo (*The River Congo from its Mouth to Bôlôlo*, 1884), and to Kilimanjaro, on the slopes of which six months were spent in studying the natural history and anthropology of the surrounding plateaux and highlands (*The Kilimanjaro Expedition*, 1886). The experience thus acquired soon received official recognition, and with the Consular work done in the Niger Coast Protectorate (1886-88) was opened a brilliant career of some ten years in the public service, which has been crowned with well-earned honours, titles, and more substantial prizes.

Undoubtedly, Sir Henry's most notable achievement was the restoration of order and the firm establishment of British rule under almost overwhelming difficulties in the Nyasaland region, to which he was appointed Commissioner and Consul-General in the year 1890. At that time the country between the Lower Zambesi and Lake Tanganyika, which in the partition of the continent had been assigned to England, was in a state of all but hopeless chaos, a prey to every imaginable form of political and social disorder—Arab slave raids abetted by Angoni and Yao predatory tribes, almost open Portuguese warfare, more dangerous German intrigues, missionary squabbles, discontented and even disloyal white settlers, famine, pestilence, massacres, and so forth. But our "Pro-Consul" was of the Roman type, and so far from despairing of the land, which still lacked an official designation, he boldly named it "British Central Africa," in anticipation, as he explains, of its future expansion westwards and northwards. The name has been objected to as somewhat "previous"; but no true patriot will blame him for believing in his country's "manifest destiny," although international rivalries have for the present prevented British Central Africa from attaining "the geographical limits to which I had originally aspired, and which would have amply justified its title" (*Preface*).

Meanwhile, the practical government of the country was undertaken with such vigour and ability that the Commissioner was in a position to announce quite a marvellous transformation in his official "Report of the First Three Years' Administration of British Central Africa, 1894." The bellicose Portuguese were soothed with soft words; German intrigue was nipped in the bud; the Arabs were driven out and

have not since returned, while their native allies were either pacified or crushed; the missionaries also at last understood that they must henceforth give up all hopes of temporal rule, and confine themselves to the religious and moral teaching which they had already begun with such excellent results at Blantyre and in other parts of the Shire basin.

The work under notice may be regarded as an enlargement and continuation to date of that triennial *Report*, in which all these wonders are recorded in clear, and even eloquent, language. Speaking generally, it constitutes one of the most solid and comprehensive contributions to our knowledge of the "New Africa" that has yet appeared in England or abroad. Some idea of its multifarious contents may be formed by a mere reference to such subjects as the physical geography of the Nyasa region, its history, the slave trade, the missionaries, botany, zoology, the natives and their languages, to all of which separate chapters are devoted. An estimate of its value to students of the country may be had from the consideration that these subjects and several others are dealt with, often at great length, and always at first hand, by a naturalist who has had a wider experience of things African than almost any other living authority.

We have spoken of the author as an eloquent writer. He is often even fascinating, and there are many descriptive passages of great charm and beauty which crop out wherever the subject lends itself to picturesque treatment. Steaming up a steadily flowing river (the Shire?), the observer notices in mid-stream

"an islet of very green grass, so lush and so thick that there are no bright lights or sharp shadows—simply a great splotch of rich green in the middle of the shining water which reflects principally the whitish-blue of the sky; though this general tint becomes opaline and lovely as mother-of-pearl, owing to the swirling of the current and the red-gold colour of the concealed sand-banks which in shallow places permeates the reflections. Near to the right side of the grassy islet, separated only by a narrow mauve-tinted band of water, is a sand-bank that has been uncovered, and on this stands a flock of perhaps three dozen small white egrets closely packed, momentarily immovable, and all stiffly regardant of the approaching steamer, each bird with a general similarity of outline almost Egyptian in its monotonous repetition. The steamer approaches a little nearer, and the birds rise from the sand-bank with a loose flapping flight, and strew themselves over the landscape like a shower of large white petals."

Amid such vivid scenes we seem to be once more accompanying the late Prof. Drummond on his delightful excursion through tropical Africa. But our author is perhaps more sympathetic, at least with the human elements of his surroundings. He can sympathise even with the Arab slave-dealer, whose occupation is already on the wane, and who recognises the emblem of the new order of things in the British ensign which flutters at the mast-head of the tiny gunboat riding at anchor within a stone's throw of his cabin on the blue waters of Nyasa.

"In his dull way this unlettered man has grasped the fact that, from their own inherent faults and centuries of wrongdoing, Islam and Arab civilisation must yield the place to the religion and influence of the European. He has no prejudice against Christianity—on the contrary, perhaps a greater belief in its supernatural character than some of the Englishmen he entertains from time to time—but if his inchoate thoughts could be interpreted in one sentence, it would be: 'Not in our time, O Lord!' The change must come, but may it come after his death. Meantime, he hopes that you will not drive home too far the logic of your rule. When he is gone the Christian missionary may come and build there; but while he lasts he prefers to see nothing but the ramshackle mosques of his own faith, and to have his half-caste children taught in the Arab fashion. He points out some to you who are sitting in the verandah of an opposite hut, under the shade of a knot of papaw trees; a hideous old Negroid Arab with a dark skin and pockmarked face is teaching them to read. Each child has a smooth wooden board with a long handle, something like a hand-mirror in shape. The surface of this board is whitened with a thin coating of porcelain clay, and Arab letters, verses of the Koran, and sentences for parsing are written on it by means of a reed pen dipped in ink or by a piece of charcoal."

Such pictures are of frequent occurrence, pictures in which not merely the local colouring and outward forms, but the inner soul and the vivifying spirit are depicted true to life. As might be expected from the bent of his studies, the writer devotes much space to this human factor, both in the historical survey, which is admirably done, and in the chapters specially occupied with the physical and mental characters, the customs, beliefs, and languages of the present inhabitants of British Central Africa. It is unnecessary to follow him in his speculations on the origin and evolution of mankind, although a protest might be entered against the assumption that the theory of an Asiatic or Indian cradleland "at present holds the field," unless, indeed, "India" is to be taken in a very wide sense, so as to include Indonesia and, perhaps, some other lands now forming the bed of the Indian Ocean. He stands on somewhat safer ground when he suggests that the present Bantu populations were preceded in Nyasaland by a race "akin to the Bushman-Hottentot type of Negro." The writer himself has met true Bushmen as far north as the 14th parallel on the West African seaboard; he also refers to specimens of the so-called "Bushman stones" picked up at the south end of Tanganyika, and mentions traditions of this primitive race still lingering among the Mañanjas of the Mlanje uplands.

Other evidence might be adduced in proof of the former range of Bushman nomads right up to the lacustrine plateaux, whence our author supposes them to have been driven south of the Zambesi by Bantu immigrants from the North not more than some 2,000 years ago. But it is difficult to believe that the Bantus, whose centre of dispersion is placed somewhere about the Congo-Chad water-parting, were such recent arrivals in South Central Africa; nor are the arguments advanced in support of this view at all convincing. No doubt the Bantu

linguistic family, occupying the whole of the area in question, still presents a remarkable degree of uniformity throughout its wide domain. But the same is true also, and even in a far higher degree, of other linguistic families, the Semitic, for instance, which has occupied the south-western parts of Asia for many thousand years, and whose various branches nevertheless betray but comparatively slight signs of disintegration.

Both in this work and elsewhere the author attaches much weight to the fact that nearly all the Bantu peoples have a common name (dialectic variants of *Kuku*) for the domestic fowl, which was introduced into Egypt from Asia not before 400 B.C.; hence, he argues, "it is clear that the Bantus knew the fowl prior to their dispersal" (p. 480). This is a curious *non sequitur*, the fallacy of which becomes obvious if we suppose, as is probable enough, that they have also a common name for the manioc plant, for instance, which, nevertheless, was introduced from the New World within the last two or three hundred years. The names of all such useful objects generally spread with the objects themselves from tribe to tribe, from people to people, dispersion or no dispersion. Innumerable cases in point will occur to the student of comparative philology from the Malayo-Polynesian, the Finno-Tatar, the Guarani, the Aryan, and other widespread linguistic groups.

Exception must also be taken to the statement that the Semitic is a development of the Hamitic type, while

"the Hamites themselves obviously originated as a superior ascending variety of the Negritic species, from which basal stock had been derived in still earlier times the Bushman-Hottentot group, whose languages—especially that of the Hottentot—are thought by some authorities to show remote affinities in structure to the Hamitic tongues" (p. 54).

Lepsius's suggestion of a probable relationship between the Hottentot and Egyptian (Hamitic) languages was never accepted by any sound philologist, while anthropologists are now almost unanimous in separating the Hamito-Semitic from the Negro division of mankind, and grouping it with the Caucasian, using the term in Blumenbach's sense.

At p. 55 the Bantu migrations southwards are assumed to have taken place "about 1000 years ago," doubtless a misprint for 2000. Attention may here be called to a few other slips or inaccuracies calling for revision in future editions. *Monomotapa* is still spoken of as "a powerful empire of Bantu Negroes" (p. 56), although it has lately been shown that the word is undoubtedly a personal title, meaning perhaps "prince" or "lord of the mines." In a note the term is properly treated as a title, although the suggested derivations cannot be accepted. We read (p. 56) that "simultaneously with the first Portuguese Conquistadores and mining adventurers came lion-hearted Jesuit missionaries," that is many years before the Order of Jesus was founded; the first missionaries in those parts were Dominicans, such as Dos Santos and others. Another anachronism (p. 62) is a "Zanzibar Sultanate" at the end of the

eighteenth century, this sultanate not having been founded till the year 1857. The foundation of the Matabele kingdom also appears to be ante-dated by several years (p. 62), and at p. 89 *Katunga*, the name of a station in Nyasaland, occurs twice for the mining district of *Katanga* in the Congo Free State; lastly, why *Ci-Nyanja* several times for *Chinyanja*, as at p. 485? which is the proper form according to the orthographic system here adopted.

The work is enriched with a profusion of original illustrations (mostly from photographs and drawings by the author), several useful maps, and a tolerably copious index.

ENGLISH HISTORY FROM AMERICA.

The National Movement in the Reign of Henry III., and its Culmination in the Barons' War. By Oliver H. Richardson, A.B., Professor of History in Drury College. (Macmillan.)

THE reign of Henry III. has been by no means lacking in historians, and its important constitutional aspects have been dealt with by Bishop Stubbs in a manner which may be said almost to reach perfection. Still there was ample room for a little volume like Mr. Richardson's, which, without professing to give a detailed narrative of a period covering more than half a century, attempts, in the words of its author,

"to portray, first, those movements which tended to denationalise the Church and State of England by the perversion of the political doctrines of thirteenth century France and the Empire-Church; and, secondly, those counter-movements which resulted in the complete triumph of the national principle as manifested in the dim beginnings of the revolt from Rome, in the completion of rare unity, and the establishment of the constitution upon a basis both national and popular."

Though his preface is written from Germany, Mr. Richardson's home is evidently on the other side of the Atlantic, and his work does great credit to the present state of American historical scholarship. The neglect of original authorities with which Mr. Freeman once reproached Transatlantic historians in general can certainly not be charged against our author. Besides diligently consulting all the best modern writers on the period, he has made a careful study of the copious contemporary literature, and claims, not without reason, to have endeavoured "to catch the spirit of the time from the pages of the historians who lived among the events which they so vividly describe."

The remarkable analogy between the conflict of the thirteenth century and that of the seventeenth cannot fail to suggest itself to the most superficial reader, and though, of course, there are points of contrast, there are far more instances in which the likeness is most striking; especially there is a very great similarity between the personal characters of the two monarchs against whom the struggle for constitutional liberty had to be waged. In both we see the same combination of private virtues and

public vices. Mr. Richardson has well sketched the character of Henry III. :

"Visionary, without the ability necessary to realise his dreams; narrowly pious, without the self-control necessary to stability of character; extreme in his views of royal power, yet incapable alike of inspiring respect in his friends or fear in his foes—he must have drifted if left to himself. But he was not so left. From the very commencement of his reign he fell under influences which seized the salient points of his character and never relaxed their hold."

This might stand, almost without alteration, for the portrait of Charles I. A considerable resemblance may also be traced between the foreign policy of the two sovereigns. In both cases ambitious and far-reaching projects end in the most utter and complete failure, though it must be said that Henry's interference in European affairs proved far more mischievous and disastrous to the country than that of Charles, and was much more directly the cause of the attempt to deprive him of his authority.

The special feature of this reign, and a point in which no other presents an exact parallel since the time of Edward the Confessor, is the predominance of foreign influence. Peter des Roches and his Poitevins were bad enough, the Provençal adventurers who flocked in after Henry's marriage were no better, but far worse than either were the Papal legates, with their ever increasing exactions from both clergy and laity. The "inauspicious alliance between needy Pope and arbitrary king" proved, indeed, of bitter fruit to the country during many miserable years, though finally, by the difficulties in which Henry was involved by his preposterous undertaking to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the Pope in the matter of Sicily, it proved one of the main causes of the great constitutional development which marks the reign.

When the union between the Papacy and the monarchy was so close, it is with surprise that we find a body of men who all over Europe were the most effective agents of the Roman See arrayed in England on the popular side—namely, the mendicant friars, especially the Franciscans. All historians have called attention to the great influence which they exerted in support of Simon de Montfort, but none seem to have been struck with the striking contrast which their attitude presents to that of the continental brethren in the struggle between the Papacy and the Empire, which itself was the main cause of the Papal demands on England for money. The fact, however, is certain that the Franciscans constituted one of the main elements of the most democratic section of the reforming party, and that as a body they adhered to Montfort even after the Papal excommunication. The famous political poem known as the "Song of Lewes" was composed by one of their number, and there is no document of the time which throws a greater light on the views and aims of the national party.

Mr. Richardson has given a careful analysis of the poem, which its importance certainly merits. The distinctness with

which the right of resisting a bad king is laid down is very remarkable. "If a prince errs, he should be checked by those whom his injustice has afflicted, unless he himself will correct his mistake." Very striking are the words in which the author of the poem sums up the conclusion of the whole matter:

"First in the rank stands the community. Law reigns supreme over the dignity of the king and is his guide and stay; its absence overthrows the kingdom. The maxim so often cited, 'ut rex vult lex vadit,' is untrue; 'nam lex stat, rex cadit.' The sum of this universal sovereign law is Truth, Charity, and Zeal for salvation; let all royal ordinances be consonant with these; then will the people prosper and the kings will indeed be law."

Mr. Richardson puts a very interesting question when he asks :

"In how far did Simon de Montfort share the doctrines of the poet? Did his theory keep pace with his practice, or was his political action, which forms almost the sole standard of our judgment, based wholly on practical insight, the drift of the times, and his own needs? . . . We know that he received his sympathetic education largely through his intimacy with the leading Minorites, and there exists at least one definite proof that they had speculations in common on such subjects. . . . As a matter of individual opinion then, one may be permitted to believe that De Montfort's political practice was based partly upon political theory; the belief is certainly not inconsistent with any known facts, and there is considerable pleasure in the thought that the man who did so much for the popular liberties of England, and who, according to the view of so many of his contemporaries, fell a martyr to his duty, the cause of God and the Church, died in the light of a dawning faith that the voice of the people was indeed the voice of God."

FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

MR. A. S. WEST'S edition of *Bacon's Essays* (Cambridge University Press) is furnished with a running commentary of footnotes, in which obscure or archaic words and phrases are interpreted, and quotations from the classics and elsewhere translated. The idea is a good one, and we have on other occasions advocated its adoption in school editions of Elizabethan and earlier English authors. This arrangement enables the general drift of an essay, a scene in a play, or a section of a poem, to be rapidly grasped by a preliminary reading in class, the portion so read being set as a next lesson, to be supplemented by a knowledge of the more elaborate notes at the end of the book. Some of the footnotes here, nevertheless, might surely have been spared. It was hardly necessary, for instance, to explain that "jesting Pilate" is equivalent to "Pilate in derision," or "Doctors of the Church" to "teachers of the Church," or "perfidious and neglecting friends" to "perfidious and negligent friends," and so forth. But what are we to say about the forty pages, or thereabouts, which are devoted to an "Index of Proper Names"? Here, among similar recondite profundities of sacred lore, it is revealed to us that Cain killed Abel, that Elias was none other than Elijah, that Paul was a

native of Tarsus, and that Christ was executed during the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate. And in other departments of learning the novelty of the information imparted and the extent of the erudition displayed is not less startling. In geography we discover that "the Andes are a range of mountains in Peru"; in history that "Anselm succeeded Lanfranc as archbishop"; in art that "Apelles was the most celebrated painter of antiquity"; in mythology that "Mars was the Roman god of war" and that "Juno was sister and wife of Jupiter." Then we have biographies of Brutus and Becket, of Nero and Nebuchadnezzar, of Cæsar and Charles the Bold, and, indeed, of any other human being, commonplace or obscure, famous or infamous, historical or mythical, the mention of whose name by Bacon afforded an excuse for netting him or her into this miraculous and motley draught; and so it goes on, almost *ad infinitum*, quite *ad nauseam*. Seriously, can Mr. West suppose that those who require instruction of this character are fit or likely to read Bacon's essays? For the rest, the Notes proper are well done and not overdone, and we have remarked in them very little with which to find fault. The exploded form "Publius Syrus," however, appears on p. 191 for "Publilius Syrus"; and on p. 197 Enclosures under the Statute of Merton are confused with those under the Enclosure Acts, which did not begin till the reign of Anne; while to refer readers (p. 232) to some thirty lines of Green's *Short History of the English People* "for an account of Elizabethan architecture" is clearly absurd. — Mr. R. L. A. Du Pontet contributes to the series of "British Classics for Schools" (Arnold) what strikes us as being the best educational edition of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* in the field. One or two points only in the Notes call for comment. The King of France could not "elect" an Emperor (p. 165); the explanation of "mail" on p. 145 is inadequate and consequently misleading; the second reference to Livy on p. 156 should be xxii. 57; and there is an evident slip on p. 153, where "maniple" is put for "century." — Mr. E. K. Chambers's *Samson Agonistes* (Blackie) is, on the whole, a very respectable edition, and appropriate to the purpose it is intended to serve. Here and there in the Notes, though, there occur some strange misconceptions; for instance, a lion rampant in heraldry does not mean a lion springing (p. 83), the original meaning of "brigand" (p. 140) was not a "robber," and there is no book in the Bible entitled "The Revelations" (p. 77). Mr. Chambers's notions about armour, too, are curious. He describes the "vant-brace" or "vambrace" (p. 146) in such a way as to include the "rere-brace," although the correct derivation which he gives of the former phrase should have protected him against this error; he confuses the gauntlet (p. 141) with the mail-mitten; he states that the "brigandine" (p. 140) was a coat of mail, to which it bore not the slightest resemblance; and he lightly rules that the "habergeon" or curtailed hauberk (p. 141) was a breastplate, whereas experts have not yet agreed that the term

was ever used in the latter strained sense. Technical terms are better left alone if they cannot be handled in a scholarly manner. —We have also before us several numbers of the *Ancient Classics for English Readers* (Blackwood). In the absence of any notice to the contrary, these presumably and apparently are verbatim reissues of the original series arrayed in what is supposed to be a more attractive exterior, and may therefore be described as old wine in new bottles. Books of this class, however, unlike wine, do not, as a rule, improve by age. No attempt seems to have been made to bring them up to date.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Connoisseur. By Frederick S. Robinson. (Redway.)

IT needs, perhaps, a born writer, and not so much a member of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease, to be exceedingly interesting to all the world when holding forth upon the vagaries of collectors and upon the acquisition of objects of art. The Dean who could have written "beautifully about a broomstick" could have written agreeably—nay, even delightfully—at short notice about Hollar's etchings, drawings by Cavaletto, or Louis Quatorze furniture, although there is not the least reason to suppose that Jonathan Swift's knowledge of any of these things was more than very superficial. But the connoisseur is scarcely ever a born writer at all, and when he is, the instinct of the writer, his care for his own art, obliges the writer to dominate over the judge. Unless he is writing upon the particular art-subject which is his special fad—with one man it is Dutch pictures, with another exquisite Prints, and with another Porcelain and precious stones (since these become Art by virtue at least of their treatment by lapidary or jeweller)—he will regard strict accuracy as of less importance to the world than that no one of his sentences should be incomplete, or lacking in rhythm or in charm, or it may be even in humour, and so his essays will be agreeable literary exercises rather than very matter of fact handling of his nominal theme. Now for Mr. Frederick S. Robinson—a son of the well-known expert—there is this to be said: that his position is somewhat between that of charming writer and accomplished dry-as-dust. If his work is not a remarkable instance of literary craftsmanship, it is nevertheless done neatly, or, at the least, flowingly. He does not pretend to put before us an assemblage of undressed facts. He is fairly readable, at all times, and if some of his stories have seen the light before, he yet abounds in interesting anecdote—much of which he owes, doubtless, to his father—in relation to the business of collecting and the vicissitudes of precious things; and if his writing is never either very profound, on the one side, in its displays of accumulated knowledge, nor, on the other, very brilliant in its manipulation of our English tongue, yet is the work careful and creditable; and, if not the connoisseur, then, at least, the

intelligent person dipping into a fresh subject, will find much that may entertain him to know and to remember in Mr. Frederick Robinson's handsome tome.

* * *
"TEMPLE DRAMATISTS."—*Edward the Third.* Edited by G. C. Moore Smith. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

Edward the Third is one of the half-dozen so-called "pseudo-Shakespearean" plays as to which a serious case for Shakespeare's authorship or part authorship can be made out. As a whole, it is a somewhat tedious and uninspired specimen of the historical drama. The first two acts, however, and especially those scenes which contain the famous Countess of Salisbury episodes, are in another vein; and here it is that divers critics have plumed themselves on recognising the hand of the master. Others, again, admitting the merit of the work, but not feeling quite sure about its resemblance to Shakespeare's, have preferred to assign it to some writer of considerable gifts otherwise unknown to us—some "one-playman"—in the terrible jargon affected by Dr. Furnivall. These opposing views, and the evidence for them, are excellently summed up in the careful and scholarly edition now before us, Mr. Moore Smith himself evidently inclining to the view of Capell, that the authorship is "conjecture only and matter of opinion, and the reader must form one for himself." With this, on the whole, we agree, though we doubt whether Mr. Smith has quite laid enough weight on the occurrence of a phrase and a line from the play in the 94th and 142nd of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Mr. Moore Smith thinks that they both fit the context better in the play than in the sonnets. We agree, as regards the line—"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds"—not as regards the phrase, "scarlet ornaments," which in the play is applied to cheeks, in the sonnet, more appropriately, to lips. But is there any other instance in the Sonnets of Shakespeare cribbing a whole line from someone else's published play? And is it not an unlikely thing for a sonneteer to do? We suspect that the line was in Shakespeare's head, and that he used it twice at about the same time. In any case, as *Edward the Third* was entered on the Stationers' Registers in December, 1595, the parallel tells in favour of an early date for the sonnets.

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The Counsels of William De Britaine. Edited by Herbert H. Sturmer. (F. E. Robinson.) This book has been wrought upon long and carefully, but it is a strange product. Mr. Sturmer came upon the title *Humane Prudence* in a catalogue, and found that it belonged to a book on the conduct of life which appeared anonymously in 1680. He read the book, tracked it through twelve editions, and found out all that he could about it. That did not amount to much, for a somewhat tedious inquiry only leads Mr. Sturmer to suggest that William De Britaine may disguise the personality of John Davies, of Kidwelly (Carmarthenshire), a writer of sufficient note to have found a place in

the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Mr. Sturmer's faith in his theory is so modest that he concludes the whole argument with the observation: "But I think that, whether 'De Britaine' was John Davies or not, his ideas are worthy of preservation." We doubt it. To begin with, the ideas were not so much De Britaine's as other people's. The book seems to belong to that school of ethical collections which had great vogue with our Puritan forefathers, and of which Penn's *No Cross, No Crown* was the best example. But whereas *No Cross, No Crown*, derivation though it was, had animation, this book has none. We should be loth to think that Mr. Sturmer's re-writing of it is responsible for this. We are willing to believe that the "hundreds of little alterations, transpositions, and excisions" which he has made have actually enlivened De Britaine's text. Yet turning over these pages we almost sigh for the "printer's errors," and the "extraordinary *mélange* of styles" of which Mr. Sturmer has so industriously purged the original.

Maxims, counsels, and moral reflections generally, need sauce of some kind. Either they must be beautifully logical and clean cut, or they must disclose a man. But these chapters on Study, Religion, Censure and Detraction, Passion, Riches, the Art of Being Happy, and what not, are to us unreadable. Even the obscure De Britaine admitted they were only a compilation, and having admitted it he cheerfully dispensed with quotation marks. Thus the De Britaine clay is varied with dulled if distinguishable passages of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. To our rescue comes Mr. Sturmer with a fringe of notes that wanders along the bottom of the pages; but he only deepens our despair when he admits that some of the notes are introduced "in the hope of making the pages look less monotonous than they otherwise might do." We do not think that their monotony could be made less or greater than it is. The book may fulfil its special object of helping the serious "young man, coming of age, or leaving a public school."

* * *
Captain Cuellar's Adventures in Connacht and Ulster. By Hugh Allingham. (Elliot Stock.)

CAPTAIN CUELLAR was a Spanish officer on board the Armada. He was wrecked off the coast of Donegal, and after many "hair-breadth 'scapes" among the "savages," reached the fort of a rebel MacClancy clan, and there stood a siege by the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam's troops. In the end he made his way to Scotland and so to Antwerp. From here he wrote to a Spanish friend a detailed and racy account of his adventures. This narrative has already been used for historical purposes by Captain Cesareo Duro in *La Armada Invincible*, and again by Froude in *The Spanish Story of the Armada*. Mr. Allingham now prints a new and careful translation by Mr. Robert Crawford, together with an elaborate essay of his own in which he discusses the geography of Cuellar's wanderings and various points of archaeological interest that arise in the course of

his story. The little pamphlet, for it is no more, makes very entertaining reading. Captain Cuellar, though in rags and fearful for his life, was, like a true Spanish *Caballero*, not insensible to the charms of Irish eyes. He records, for the envy of his home-keeping friend, how he met many women *hermosissimas por todo extremo*, and how exceedingly kind they were to him. In other respects, too, he kept his eyes about him, and his observations tell us a good deal about the manners and customs of the "savage" Irish of the sixteenth century. It is curious to read that, "savage" as they were, many of them were able to discourse with strangers in Latin. This is what Cuellar says of their general mode of life:

"They live in huts made of straw. The men are all large bodied, and of handsome features and limbs; and as active as the roe-deer. They do not eat oftener than once a day, and that is at night; and that which they usually eat is butter with oaten bread. They drink sour milk, for they have no other drink; they don't drink water, although it is the best in the world. On feast days they eat some flesh half cooked, without bread or salt, as that is their custom. They clothe themselves, according to their habit, with tight trousers and short loose coats of very coarse goat's hair. They cover themselves with blankets, and wear their hair down to their eyes. They are great walkers, and inured to toil. . . . The most of the women are very beautiful, but badly got up. They do not wear more than a chemise and a blanket with which they cover themselves, and a linen cloth, much doubled, over the head and tied in front. They are great workers and house-keepers, after their fashion."

In the introductory essay, Mr. Allingham, who has an intimate knowledge of the locality, patiently tracks Cuellar's route, and corrects some errors of Froude and others. He adds some interesting remarks upon the nature of the iron treasure-chests which are so often exhibited as relics of the Armada. These appear to have been freely in use over the whole of Europe during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and many of them had probably reached both England and Ireland in the ordinary course of trade long before the Armada came. Others, however, have been recovered from wrecked ships, and are therefore genuine trophies of the great victory.

* * *

Notes on the Painted Glass in Canterbury Cathedral. With a Preface by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D. (Aberdeen: University Press.)

THE Dean's preface to this little anonymous book misquotes Milton, but justly points out the worth of such a monograph. The aim of the writer is "to give some account of the changes which have taken place in the arrangement of the old painted glass, and to keep a distinct record of modern additions." Her object has been achieved, though not, perhaps, in the clearest manner. There are signs of carelessness in the text, as where we are referred to a non-existent foot-note (p. 50), or where the North Transept of the choir is called the South Transept (p. 3). Again, the naming and numbering of the twenty-seven plates might with advantage have been connected directly with the plans of the windows given by the author, and

with her descriptions of them, rather than with her list of the plates themselves. But these are small, if irritating mistakes, which will doubtless be rectified in a future issue. In the meantime the Canterbury Pilgrim who desires to understand the Cathedral glass and its pious histories will find the "Notes" of great value. The Pilgrim who is also a humorist will be grateful for the reprint of amazing Culmer's account of the destruction of "proud Becket's glassy bones," which were joyously rattled down out of their place, where the "prime Cathedral saint-Arch-Bishop" was "most rarely pictured—in full proportion, with cope, Rochet, miter, Crosier, and all his Pontificalibus."

* * *

The Victorian Era in South Africa. By H. A. Bryden. (African Critic Office.)

ALL through the prolonged crisis of the past two years there has been great need of a handy and compendious history of South Africa, giving in small compass the outlines of what has gone on since the beginning of the century. Mr. Bryden has undertaken to fill that want, and though his sketch of South African history really starts with the Queen's accession, it is quite sufficient, for there is nothing in the present situation which cannot be explained by a reference to the history of the past sixty years. In 1837 only the Cape Colony, which then occupied the extreme south of Africa, was a British possession, and north of it was an uninhabited wilderness tenanted chiefly by vast legions of game and by lions. The great trek of the Boers to the north took place just at the time the Queen came to the throne, and with that anti-British movement the politics which culminated in the present crisis may be said to have had their rise. Mr. Bryden summarises the period in ninety easily read pages, and in addition to giving the bare outline of facts, shortly indicates the tendency of each successive movement and its ultimate bearing on the present situation. This he does with great impartiality, saying all he can—many people will think too much—in favour of the Boers, though he evidently is no great admirer of the race. There are some sad stories of Colonial Office ineptitude and ingratitude in the little book, but it is just what the newspaper reader needs to enable him to get a just appreciation of questions of the day. Two portraits of the Queen, in 1837 and in 1897, are frontispieces to the volume, the value of which is increased by maps of South Africa in the same years, and by a very useful little index.

THE BOOK MARKET.

"IN REPLY."

THAT everyone is out of town is almost the only fact to be chronicled in the book trade. Still *The Christian* and Prince Ranjitsinhji's book must be selling somewhere, and must also have been subjects of much remark among booksellers. It occurred to me to write three or four letters to as many booksellers asking for reports on the only matters on which I could trouble

them with inquiries with any show of reason. Two large London booksellers, who, I trust, have enjoyed their holidays or are on the brink of doing so, have replied as follows. The first, writing from the West End, says:

"The two leading books of the week have, undoubtedly, been *The Christian* and Prince Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket*. Considering it is the dull season, and a large number of our customers are out of town, we have done remarkably well with both books. The fact, however, that the former work has appeared in the *Windsor Magazine* has militated against its sale in book form. The many criticisms, *pro* and *con*, upon the work will tend to promote its sale. Ranjitsinhji's *Cricket* is so full of interest to all lovers of the game that it will continue to sell well for some time. The *édition de luxe* does credit to its publishers, and will shortly become a scarce book. One other work, *The Choir Invisible*, is selling well."

My second correspondent, whose report refers to more central London, writes:

"The publication of Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book on Cricket* and Hall Caine's *The Christian* in August has been a great help to the book trade, the 6s. edition of the former having been sold out by the publishers in three days. We have had the mortification of sending customers away, as a fresh supply is not yet forthcoming, the publishers apparently experiencing considerable difficulty in coping with the enormous demand. On the other hand, we hear that 50,000 copies have already been printed of *The Christian*. The get-up of the Prince's cricket-book (6s. edition) is disappointing, many of the illustrations being anything but good, the page is ugly and the margins are very small. There are, however, two *éditions de luxe*, on larger paper, both of which are well done, though rather too thick and heavy.

"The persistent booming of *The Christian* before publication has had a distinct effect on the demand, which far exceeds that for the *Manxman*.

"The leading writers of fiction are still keeping up their popularity and making many new friends among the holiday-seekers. Among books more especially in demand we notice the following:

"*The Chevalier d'Auriac.* By S. Levett Yeats.

"*An African Millionaire.* By Grant Allen.

"*Dracula.* By Bram Stoker.

"Mr. W. H. Jacobs' *Many Cargoes* continues to sell well; perhaps its story's of coasting life appeal to the seaside visitor. Captain Mahan's books are also selling well now. We may look forward to a very full and busy publishing season, so many books having been held over from the spring. Trade generally is quiet, but holiday literature is going strong."

Our Brighton correspondent writes:

"Prince Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket* has had a very large sale in Brighton, especially the 25s. fine paper and the popular 6s., this fact being perhaps due to the fact that one of the collaborators to the volume is attached to the staff of the leading bookseller in Brighton and Hove.

"Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian* is having a fairly good run among our literary subscribers, but the consensus of opinion appears to be that the production is not up to the previous standard of Mr. Hall Caine's books.

"Guide-books (English and Foreign) still enjoy a steady sale. Other sales dull in the extreme."

The expectation of a big publishing season is general; and by the end of next week there should not be wanting signs of its definite beginning.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

An Altruist. By Ouida.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

Ouida's new book is not precisely a novel, for it is almost entirely a discussion of socialistic opinions, nor is it a pamphlet, for it does not advocate any view; perhaps, on the whole, it is less unlike one of "Gyp's" sketches of social life than anything else. At all events, it is exceedingly different from the author's usual work, yet exceedingly characteristic in its attempt to reconcile her sympathy for all noble aspirations with her settled conviction that well-bred people ought to have an ornamental setting. The story is briefly this. Wilfrid Bertram, a young gentleman who is first cousin, nephew, or godson to most of the peerage, has acquired communistic theories which he propounds in print to the world and orally to such of his relatives as will listen to him. Naturally the relatives scoff or get angry according to their various temperaments, but unanimously disapprove. Bertram, however, has concealed the worst blow that is in store for them. He proposes to contract marriage with a young person of blameless character, whose mother, Mrs. Brown, is a thriving laundress. The marriage is to be the result of principle, not of inclination. The crisis begins when Lord Marlowe, one of the most unbridled scoffers, discovers Bertram *tête-à-tête* with his fiancée, and by injurious comments goads the Socialist into an avowal of his purpose. In the same morning an anarchist orator is arrested in Hyde Park for being drunk and disorderly. Bertram goes to assure the constable of his personal knowledge that the man is a total abstainer. Unfortunately, however, facts are against that view. He returns sadly home, only to find his valet, whom he esteemed so highly that contrary to all socialistic principles he retained his services, engaged in pillaging his jewel-case. On the top of these agreeable experiences, in comes a lawyer with the announcement that a little-known Italian cousin has just died leaving Bertram heir to an immense property in England and Italy. This is the last straw, and a heavy one. "Sir," says the aggrieved Socialist, "do you mean to insult me?" Fortunately, however, there is an acceptable alternative. In the event of Bertram's failure to accept the inheritance, it goes to Magdalen College, Oxford; and this is an arrangement which the philosopher can contemplate with equanimity. Accordingly, to the consternation of his friends and relatives, he refuses to have riches thrust upon him. Luckily for him, Miss Annie Brown, for motives highly creditable to her head and heart, releases him from his engagement; and Miss Cicely Richards, a charming young lady of his own class, who throughout has administered the most violent snubs to all scoffers, definitively approves his decision. Then in the last scene of the small volume comes the happy termination. A letter appears, written by the Italian cousin on his death-bed, in which that gentleman explains that, being himself cut off in the unrepentant bloom of his wickedness, he is nevertheless conscious that he is wicked; he has read Bertram's paper, *The Age to Come*, admired (platonically) its principles, and therefore bequeathes his property to a man who will do his duty by the tenantry. What is Bertram to do—stand by his refusal and let Magdalen profit, or go back on it and take up the duty to be done? He appeals to Miss Cicely: she decides for respecting the dead man's wishes, and as the lawyers have not yet acted on Bertram's refusal, the matter is easily settled, and we are given to understand that the pretty young lady will help the earnest young man. So no principles are compromised, no incongruous marriage is made, and the young gentleman remains in his native station as dispenser to the poor of this world's blessings.

Let it be granted that in real life things do not, as a rule, fall out so conveniently; granted, also, that Wilfrid Bertram is the

most rabid type of prig, ignorant and conceited; and granted, finally, that the book, with a great appearance of argument, proves absolutely nothing. Nevertheless, it is never dull, and there are a good many things in it that show a true knowledge of the world. Mrs. Brown, Annie's mother, is a purely theatrical type; it would be hard to invent anything more wildly improbable than the scene in which she begins a discussion with Lady Jane Rivaux and the sympathetic Cicely in Hyde Park, and breaks it off to advertise her own business and solicit custom. "Mrs. Brown," says Cicely; "ah, that rare name! you must certainly be the mother of Annie." But, conventional as she is with her Adelphi dialect, Mrs. Brown has some very good lines to speak. She has been asked to advise Bertram on the dilemma—to accept or reject the inheritance. "Take it," she says.

"Mrs. Brown," says Bertram, "your daughter would not say so."
'Likely not, sir. She's a slim snippet of a girl as haven't felt any of the weight o' livin' yet. When she hev, she'll know that a full money-box is the softest pillar one can lay a tired head on any night.'

And here is a dialogue between Annie and her betrothed, in which it will be seen that Annie talks very shrewd sense; what Bertram says is no more a caricature than the rest of his utterances:

"Oh, why do you want love? It is something so vulgar, so unspiritual, so indicative of an unoccupied mind! I have the highest respect for you, which I am about to prove in the strongest manner that any man can from his sentiments."

'Yes, I know, sir; but—but—'

'But there are finer sentiments than love!'

'Perhaps there are, sir, for the gentry. But love's poor people's feast; the only one they ever knows all their days. And—you—don't love me?'

It is a pity that Ouida thought it necessary to make Bertram such an incredible prig; but it is quite sound to emphasise the truth that a prig may be heroic on occasion—in defence of his priggishness. The defect of overcharging all effects seems incurable with this lady, and that is easily understood; but I am amazed that such an experience of authorship should not have convinced her that accuracy in small points is desirable. *Au bout des lèvres* is very odd French. "As for taxation, it is the arc of Toryism," is a strange looking sentence. "Lubies" is not an English word, though printed as one. Max Nardau is unfamiliar. Lord Southwold (who, by the way, is very well sketched) is described as a "choleraic, but amiable person." This gentleman wore for a watch-chain his "poor old Hector's steel collar. How he'd thresh out five acres of turnips before luncheon." Surely to work through one turnip field of such reasonable dimensions before even the earliest lunch is no great achievement for the most elderly pointer. However, in these matters Ouida is incorrigible; and she is always readable, though *An Altruist* is by no means equal, for instance, to *The Messareenes*.

* * * * *
The Octave of Claudius. By Barry Pain.
(Harper & Brothers.)

By those who like Mr. Pain's work, this, his first long story, has been waited with some eagerness. He has proved himself, during the years in which he has been writing, the possessor of much fancy and invention, unusual readiness, a whimsical and humorous point of view, and a style always crisp and clear and often distinguished. Hitherto he has not publicly attempted anything but fantastic tales and comic or satirical sketches. In *The Octave of Claudius*, his first novel, Mr. Pain has not, I think, succeeded. At the outset the reader is led to expect two things—a mystery, and minute humorous social observation; and in the end he comes short of both. The mystery is averted by a catastrophe; the

human nature is never deeply studied. The book, in fact, never quite makes up its mind what it will be—a fatal fault.

Here are the first four sentences:

"Mrs. Wycherly was not quite old. She seemed always to be keeping one foot on the tail of her youth; the poor thing squeaked, but could not quite break away. In her conversation she would often drag you, all tremulous, with her into the confessional, where you found to your disappointment that she had no sins, only errors of diet. She was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out."

It is as well, perhaps, that such a tension is not sustained throughout the three hundred pages that follow, but here, surely, the author implies a promise that ought to be kept. A first page should give some kind of keynote to a book; yet once Mr. Pain has passed the threshold he practically takes leave of epigram; Mrs. Wycherly becomes nothing, a mere shadow, unworthy of this prominence, an obstacle between the reader and Claudius; and social observation gives place to melodrama and mystery. With the introduction of Claudius the story, as story, begins, and Mr. Pain warmly attacks his task. Claudius is a young gentleman weary of life, who is picked up by Dr. Gabriel Lamb, a fanatic vivisectionist, in a London suburb; nursed back into health by him; and finally bought, body and soul, for a dark and terrible experiment in exchange for eight thousand pounds and eight days to spend it in. Mr. Pain's avowed theme is the story of those eight days—that octave; but he has made Dr. Gabriel Lamb so intensely mysterious that his most admiring readers will look upon this interval only with impatience. As on the night of Claudius's return to Dr. Lamb, the night preceding the great experiment, the doctor is murdered by his wife, the story, to all who are interested in the mystery rather than the intervening eight days—which is to say, to forty-nine out of every fifty readers that it gains—closes as a "sell," a variant of *The Lady or the Tiger*. I view it in this way myself. I feel that I have been Mr. Pain's victim: although at the same time I believe him honestly to have meant to put his strength into the account of the eight days.

None the less, even if there were not this irritating anxiety to get through that period, the book would not attract me. Mr. Pain has not enough interest—to use an idiomatic phrase, he is not "keen enough" on people—to make a good novelist. His point of view is too whimsical, too humorous: he has too little sympathy; he needs to be more intent and serious. There is excellent writing in the book, but one never forgets that it is the result of artifice. One is not convinced. It is not made clear to me that Claudius would sell himself to Dr. Lamb. Mr. Pain alleges it, but he does not prove it. Nor has Angela the breath of life. Burnage is a clever study, although too much space is given to him. The triumph of the book is Dr. Gabriel Lamb, who, though he reminds me alternately of *The New Arabian Nights* and the scientific stories of Mr. Wells, has yet an individual being. Here is a scrap of one of his conversations with Claudius, preparatory to the offer concerning the great experiment:

"Ah, Sandell, it is well enough that we should look backward—from man to the anthropoid ape, from the ape to the original bird or reptile; but to look forward is better. We are not at the end yet. I see—yes, in my mind's eye, I actually see—this new humanity. It walks erect, cringing to no mystery. It holds the keys of life or death—of heaven and hell. It is the master of its fate, makes its character, moulds its physique, has just what intellect it wills. And all that may happen if I will tell it, as I hope to tell it, some two or three things."

I strongly advise Mr. Pain to leave pictures of middle-class society to others, and confine himself to fantasy, grim or comic. He has rare gifts in that direction.

* * * *

By Stroke of Sword. By Andrew Balfour.
(Methuen & Co.)

It would be fair, perhaps, to begin with Mr. Balfour's full title: *By Stroke of Sword; a Romance taken from the Chronicles of Sir Jeremy Clephane, King's Justice and Knight of the Shire of Fife; Overlooked by Master Judas Fraser, Dominic of the Parish of Kirkcoun, and Rendered into a More Modern English by Andrew Balfour.* To those who are initiated there is rich promise in such an opening; a promise well supported by the table of contents. It is not, however, immediately fulfilled, for the two first paragraphs of the

story (which is a matter of over three hundred pages, of five hundred words apiece) run thus:

"It seems strange to me, Jeremy Clephane, that at such an age as it hath pleased God that I should reach—and He knows it is not a small one—I should take upon me to set on paper those strange wanderings, and yet stranger escapades, which have fallen to my lot.

I say that it passes my comprehension that it should be so, and would, without doubt, have passed that of many I once knew, though truly but few of them had much at the best, but as it happens they have one and all gone to their own place, albeit many a one of them hath wagered with me that I should go before him; but whither am I wandering?"

Dull books have begun after the same long-winded fashion; and "How on earth can I have patience to read a book written like this?" says the reader to himself, feeling that were it not for the table of contents and a certain business-like air which the volume wears he would be for laying it aside and turning again to *Lorna Doone* for the genuine article. Such, I will admit, was my own attitude. But, instead, I skipped a page or so and came to Chapter II.—"Of the strange man who dwelt upon the shore"—and after that all was well. Singularly well, indeed. Mr. Balfour's romance is a banquet of good things: he knows all the favourite dishes of the lover of boys' stories, and he has included a sufficiency of each. We have the man of enormous strength, continually in peril and always extricating himself by cunning, wit, and "De Cusac's wrist-stroke"; we have land fights and sea fights; we have piracy and Papist plot; we have Dons and hidden treasure; we have rough jests and rude snatches of song; and there is also the inevitable maiden—beautiful Marjorie Bethune—but very wisely Mr. Balfour admits her only at the beginning and end of the book, and though the hero of course weds her they nobly abstain from caresses in public. In short, it is not too much to call *By Stroke of Sword* the best book to give boys that has been written since *King Solomon's Mines*. Thackeray is said always to have offered the same delicacy—apricot tart—to boys who lunched with him. I can recommend *By Stroke of Sword* to all hesitating fathers and uncles as quite as safe a rule in presents. It is certainly gory enough, but blood shed three centuries ago in a good cause can harm no one. This is the kind of thing:

"With bill and hanger, pistol, pike and rapier, crew fought crew, till the red blood ran in streams in the scuppers, and a pile of dead lay upon the deck, while oaths and curses, yells and groans filled the air, and once more the round shot from the galleon came crashing aboard, striking down Englishmen and Spaniards alike. Good luck! within five minutes' time I had slain three men and come within an ace of being killed, while I was stained with blood and wounded on the head by a splinter. I saw Simon hurl a don fairly overboard, and heard old Hocus shouting his war-cry."

Mr. Balfour's period is the reign of Good Queen Bess, who, indeed, figures in the book, as also does Sir Francis Drake. To write about such a time without the plentiful slaughter of Spaniards would be a disgrace.

What is lacking to the story is a coherent plot and any definite progress towards an end; but in the eyes of boys these faults will be atoned for by the profusion of exciting adventures. The printers, by the way, should have been more careful about quotation marks.

* * * *

The Tombstone Treasure. By Fergus Hume.
(Jarrold & Sons).

If anyone ought to write a good detective story it should be Mr. Fergus Hume. There are, I know, people who shoot out their lips at *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. But it was a mystery; and that's the point. Mr. Fergus Hume, to be quite frank, has no more style than a bill-broker. But the mystery of that murder in the cab held you from start to finish, if you had any of the elementary emotions left in your nineteenth-century soul—because the author knew how to build a plot. Now you may have noticed that many men, so soon as they have discovered that they can do one thing well, instantly set to work on the attempt to do something quite different. Wherefore Mr. Fergus Hume, having discovered that he can write a story which will float a publishing company on its plot, insists upon writing stories which would sink a syndicate in its style. *The Tombstone Treasure* is a Georgian story, and is concerned with a sum of money reported to have been hidden by "Wild Ralph" who died in sixteen hundred and

something. The clue to the hiding-place lies in Wild Ralph's epitaph, which runs:

"Here lyeth one who from hys birth
Numbered y^e yeeres but VI. of VII.,
Monies hee hadd not when on earth,
But layed up al hys spoiles y^e aire."

From this the wicked French Marquis, the melancholy Oswald (who descends from Ralph, and has no prospect of making a decent living unless he solves the riddle), and the sprightly Lady Sue try to find their way to the treasure. You know who found it. You would yourself find the way from the tombstone in the churchyard to the hidden treasure before you got halfway through the book. And that is my grievance against Mr. Fergus Hume. I know that the man who shouts "encore" is both ungrammatical and unfair, and that a man who writes one good story is not necessarily capable of writing another equally good and entirely different. But if Mr. Fergus Hume will sit down quietly and dovetail another plot as complicated and mysterious as the hansom-cab murder, and make a book of it, I will buy the book and not worry about discount.

* * * * *
The Eye of Istar. By William Le Queux.
(F. V. White & Co.)

Mr. Le Queux, in his latest story of African adventure, has found a way out of the great difficulty which besets writers of his class. Instead of making his hero one of those adventurous Englishmen whose characters are becoming increasingly difficult to differentiate from the host of previous heroes of fiction of the same type, Mr. Le Queux chooses for his principal character a Mohammedan. This, with the scene of his story—Central Africa, from the Soudan to the Niger—gives opportunities for unlimited "local colour," of which the author avails himself somewhat to excess. *The Eye of Istar* is, probably, not intended for adult readers. It is of the school of Mr. Haggard's *She*, and is crammed with hazardous adventures. I do not think it a particularly good specimen of its class.

AN OLD "PROPERTY" OF FICTION.

THE BULL, THE GIRL, AND THE RED SHAWL.

The following amusing study of one of the most venerable of the novelist's "incidents" appears in the New York *Critic* above the signature of Mr. Charles B. Loomis:

"There is no incident in all the realms of literature, from the 'penny dreadful' up to the three-volume novel, that has afforded so much material for the pen of the writer of fiction as the delightful episode of the bull, the young girl with the red shawl, and the young girl's lover. Sometimes the cast includes the lover's hated rival, but the story may be told without using him.

It is thirty-odd years since I first came across this thrilling adventure in the pages of a child's book, very popular at the time. How well I remember how my young blood—to be exact, my seven-year-old blood—thrilled as I mentally watched this frail girl, with a start of just three feet, lead the tremendous and horribly savage bull in a three-hundred-yard sprint, only to trip at last on the only obstruction in the ten-acre field; how, just as the bull reached her, she flung her red shawl a few rods to the right; how, the bull, leaving her, plunged after it; how she, weak and trembling, ran to the stone wall and managed to vault it just as her lover, a brawny blacksmith, who had seen the whole affair at too great a distance to be of immediate service, reached the wall and received her in his arms. 'Oh, Kenston,' she murmured, 'you have saved my life!' and then she fainted—and I believe the bull ate up the shawl. At any rate, its part in that particular story was ended.

I have always felt that, thrilling as this scene was, it had not been worked for all it was worth; but an extensive reading since then has brought me to the conclusion that, first and last, it has been worked for its full value.

The next time that I read the enthralling narrative, I was some years older, but the memory of the other telling was still fresh within me; and so, when, in the second chapter, I read about a savage old bull, one Hector, the property of Squire Flint, the meanest man in the county—not that his meanness had anything to do with the story, but it is one of the conventions that a savage

SELECTED NOVELS

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S LIST.

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bull shall be owned by a cross, crabbed, and thoroughly stingy man—I say, when I had read thus far, my pulse quickened. Inexperienced as I was, I somehow sensed the coming situation. I seemed to know as by clairvoyance that, however limited the heroine's wardrobe might be in some respects, there was one article of apparel that she surely possessed, or would possess, in time to meet the exigencies. True enough, in the very next chapter, her maiden aunt, a saintly old lady of ninety, died and bequeathed to her sorrowing niece a red pongee shawl of great value—as a bull-enrager. The book had seemed prosy at the start, but now that I knew what was coming, and that it was *that* that was coming, I read on breathlessly.

Needless to say that, in the next chapter, the young girl fell in love with a strapping young fellow, who immediately proposed—that they take a walk. How well I knew, though they did not, where that walk would lead them. The mad bull—in this case it was mad, although any old bull will do, mad or not—was rampant in a lot, a mile south of the young girl's house, and they started to walk due north; but I knew full well that they would need to cross that particular pasture before they got home; and a few pages later found them climbing over the stone wall into the bull's domain, and then they walked along, intent only on their new-found happiness. The day was chilly (in the middle of a particularly hot July), so that the girl could have an excuse to wear her red shawl. Now, having brought two of the actors on the stage, the cue was soon given to the bull, and in a moment the happy lovers, feeling the ground tremble beneath their feet, turned and saw Hector, his horns gyrating with rage, his eyes bulging out, and his head lowered as he thundered along, straight for the pongee bequest. To take her under his strong arm and to rush forward were the only things for the young man to do, and he did them; and then, the rest ran as per schedule. I believe that in this case the young man threw the girl into a tree and then plunged down a woodchuck's hole. At any rate, the girl was unharmed. That is the one unalterable formula in constructing these bull stories: save the girl unharmed. You may break the young man's leg or arm, and you may do what you will with the bull, but the young girl must come through unscathed.

It was years before this "moving incident" ceased to hold me, and in that time how many changes were rung on it. Once only was the red shawl absent, and I wondered how in the world the bull was to be infuriated, as he was a singularly mild beast in the earlier chapters and on May Days had been festooned with garlands. Then, too, the girl was in deep mourning—for her lover! But the ten-acre lot was all right, and as the author was a clever man, I felt that he would find a way to run the act with a small cast and no properties. So I read on, and after wondering, together with the girl herself, what could have caused the peaceful old bovine to chase her, tail up and head down, the full length of a particularly long pasture, she and I found out, when she realised, that, the day being sunny, she had picked up her cousin's parasol, which was, necessarily, of a brilliant scarlet. She had no lover, for, as I say, he had died—two chapters before the book was begun; but she did have presence of mind, and so she inserted the point of the parasol in the bull's mouth and then opened it, and while he was extracting it with his forepaws, she reached the fence and vaulted it in the usual way.

The possibilities of the incident are by no means exhausted, and so far from 'Amos Judd' being the last story in which it was used, I saw it in a tale published this month; and this time with the full paraphernalia of hated rival, lover, red shawl, and all; but for me it had lost its zest. To be sure, if they would make the hero an athlete and have him bravely stand his ground, while the girl climbed to the top of an enormous elm, and then, just as the bull lowered his head to toss him, have the hero jump high in the air and make the bull pass beneath him, and as he reached ground again, seize the bull, not by the horns, but by the tail, and, swinging it three times around his head, dash it against a tree and stun it—that is, if its tail were securely welded to its body—there would be an original treatment of the subject. And if its tail were but loosely fixed to it, the hero could pull it out, and the bull, filled with chagrin, would walk off dismayed and humiliated.

But pending that form of the story, I am studiously avoiding all novels that contain heroines with red shawls, or that make early reference to fierce bulls, or that speak of a certain ten-acre lot, peculiarly adapted for lovers' peregrinations."

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

THE advantages of education and of that culture which Matthew Arnold wished might become more and more widespread are not admitted by everybody. They are not admitted by Mr. Nicholas Christian, who has written a book which he describes as "A Study in the Real Decadence," and entitles *That Tree of Eden*. Mr. Christian deplors the physical degeneration which he believes to be the accompaniment of popular education, and still more the decline of religious faith, for which he considers education a vain substitute. In an "Apologia," the author writes:

"Our position is that education *en masse*, and by forced marches, spells disaster, not so much in the immediate present as to succeeding generations. In every generation there is so much force stored up. . . . Nature sternly insists that this force shall not be impaired. If it be impaired by vice or hard conditions of life, or any similar causes acting on the great scale, the race dwindles, becomes weak, falls into the condition of hewers of wood and drawers of water for stronger and more virile races. Force upon any individual, or any number of individuals, conditions under which the physical basis is not allowed fair play, and you will look for many generations of that individual, or group of individuals, in vain. Under the strain of cultivation and culture, in conditions far above any possible average that could be attained in the most favoured Utopia, we see the higher strata of our existing society continually dying out, being renewed from the unexhausted humanity below. Raise all the individuals in that unexhausted reservoir to a similar state of culture, and your race will collapse as if smitten with the pestilence."

Concerning religion, Mr. Christian writes:

"Catastrophe always has fallen on a nation that has lost the spirit of worship, the inner and

subtle significance of religion. For, truth to tell, religion is the one thing which gives us the sense of proportion in the life we lead, which restrains us from projecting forward our own obscure and ridiculous personality until it shuts out the vision of all other and more beautiful objects."

Books about Shakespeare—so they be sincere—have a kind of prescriptive welcome. The latest, *Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant*, has been written by the Rev. T. Carter to prove that John Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, was not only no Papist, but so advanced a Protestant as to deserve the name of Puritan. The book has an introduction by the Rev. Principal J. O. Dykes, who writes:

"If Mr. Carter's reading of the elder Shakespeare's life can be justified, the poet was, at all events, reared in a 'Puritan' home. The presumption which would thence arise—that the aims of the advanced Protestants, as they commanded the sympathy of Shakespeare's earlier contemporary, Edmund Spenser, and claimed the powerful pen of his younger contemporary, John Milton, so they retained a hold on the mature intelligence of a greater than either—is one which there is little or nothing that I know of in his writings to outweigh. . . . Those who recognise in the advanced Protestants or early Puritans under the Tudors the men who in their day embraced most faithfully the ideas of a new era—the men of freest thought and keenest sympathy with pure and true religion—will find the suggestion no less natural than welcome 'that William Shakespeare was the child of a Puritan and Bible-loving home.'"

American explorations in the East in the interests of archaeology are watched in this country by only a limited and a learned public. But the volumes in which Mr. John Punnett Peters has begun to narrate the adventures of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to Babylonia in the years 1888-1890 may hope for wider recognition. The work, of which the first volume is before us, is well supplied with illustrations and maps. A second volume will follow, each bearing the title of *Nippur*. Before the explorations here detailed Nippur was scarcely known except as having been an important place in Babylonia. But, says Mr. Peters:

"We found that Nippur was a great and flourishing city, and its temple, the temple of Bel, the religious centre of the dominant people of the world at a period as much prior to the time of Abraham as the time of Abraham is prior to our day. We discovered written records no less than 6,000 years old, and proved that writing and civilisation were then by no means in their infancy. Further than that, our explorations have shown that Nippur possessed a history extending backward of the earliest written documents found by us, at least 2,000 years."

A seventh edition of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons' *Authors and Publishers*, rewritten, and with additional material, reaches us. The first edition of this manual appeared in 1883. Questions affecting the relations of authors and publishers have, perhaps, lost something of their acuteness since then, but on the authors and publishers are more numerous than ever. It is still true, as is pointed out by the editors of this work, that

"there seems to be some special fascination for

a considerable proportion of the community in matters connected with the production of literature, and even with the methods of the manufacture and distribution of books; and the large measure of interest shown by successive generations in the reminiscences of authors, and in the details of their work, indicates that the *quidquid agunt scriptores* is felt to possess a greater general importance than attaches to the doings of workers in other divisions of human activity."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART, POETRY, DRAMA, BELLES LETTRES.

SAUL, A TRAGEDY, AND OTHER POEMS. Vol. II. By Paul John. Mowbray & Co. (Oxford).

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF TIMOTHY OTIS PAINE. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

REALISM AND ROMANCE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By the late Henry Macarthur. R. W. Hunter (Edinburgh).

SCIENCE.

ELEMENTS OF THE COMPARATIVE ANATOMY OF VERTEBRATES. Adapted from the German of Dr. Robert Wiedersheim by W. N. Parker, Ph.D. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co. 12s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CITIZEN BIRD: SCENES FROM BIRD-LIFE IN PLAIN ENGLISH FOR BEGINNERS. By Mabel Osgood Wright and Elliott Cones. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

FICTION.

ONE HEART ONE WAY. By W. Rousbeck Storer. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

WHERE THE SURF BREAKS. By Mary F. A. Tench. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

'Twas IN DERRILL DONEGAL. By Mac. Downey & Co.

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THE DIAMOND BANGLE. By Lillie Crane. Digby, Long & Co. 1s.

THE WORSHIP OF LUCIFER. By Mina Sandeman. Digby Long & Co. 3s. 6d.

FROM THE LAND OF THE SNOW-PEARLS: TALES OF PAGET SOUND. By Ella Higginson. The Macmillan Co.

A WOMAN OF MOODS: A SOCIAL CINEMATOGRAPH. By Mrs. Charlton Anne. Burns & Oates. 6s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

NIPPUR; OR, EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES ON THE EUPHRATES. By John Punnett Peters, Ph.D. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EDUCATIONAL.

CICERO PRO PLANCIO. Edited by H. W. Auden, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY BIOLOGY. By F. Jeffery Parker, D.Sc. Macmillan & Co.

MODEL DRAWING ON TRUE PRINCIPLES. By William Mann. T. Nelson & Sons. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON MANY SEAS: THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF A YANKEE SAILOR. By Frederic Benton Williams. Edited by W. Stone Booth. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS. By G. H. P. and J. B. P. Seventh Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EPITOME OF THE SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER. By F. Howard Collins. Fourth Edition. Williams & Norgate.

THE A B C OF THE X RAYS. By William H. Meadowcroft. Simpkin, Marshall. 4s.

CRICKET LYRICS. By T. Disney. Digby, Long & Co. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE, PURITAN AND RECUSANT. By Rev. T. Carter. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 2s. 6d.

THE BEST BOOKS AND THE READER'S GUIDE IN SEPARATE SECTIONS: BIBLIOGRAPHY OF LITERATURE, 5s.; ARTS, TRADES, AND SPORTS, 5s.; GEOGRAPHY, 4s. 6d.; MEDICINE, 2s. 6d.; PHILOLOGY AND ANCIENT LITERATURE, 10s. 6d.; MYTHOLOGY AND FOLKLORE, 2s. 6d.; SCIENCE, 3s. 6d.; ARCHEOLOGY AND ANTIQUITIES, 2s. 6d.; THEOLOGY, 6s.; HISTORY AND HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY, 4s. 6d.; SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY, LAW, AND EDUCATION, 6s.; PHILOSOPHY, 2s. 6d. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

THE PRINCIPLES OF FRUIT-GROWING. By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Co. 5s.

THAT TREE OF EDEN: A STUDY IN THE REAL DECADENCE. By Nicholas Christian. Hutchinson & Co.

NOTES AND NEWS.

FROM Wednesday's *Times*:

"KIPLING.—On the 17th Aug., at North End House, Rottingdean, Sussex, the wife of RUDYARD KIPLING, of a son."

IN the current *North American Review* Mr. Edmund Gosse examines the literary history of the last ten years in England and comes to some interesting conclusions. In answer to the question, What can we discover of the form and character of 1887-1897? he replies that the first and foremost fact is that it has been a period of the removal of landmarks. Most generations have some great and venerable writer whom they may honour and exalt into almost godlike eminence. To-day we have none, if we except Mr. Gladstone, who is primarily not an author; Mr. Ruskin, who is no longer vocal; and Mr. Spencer, whose voice does not penetrate to the people. But during the ten years now completed the deaths have occurred of Browning and Tennyson, Tyndall, Darwin and Huxley, Kinglake and Froude, Newman and Jowett—all landmarks and all without successors. The men who should have succeeded some of them have unhappily died too: Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Pater, Lightfoot, Freeman.

THIS fact, that they have not left successors, is perhaps more melancholy than their own deaths, which for the most part occurred in the fulness of years. Mr. Gosse names but two, and these will not attain quite to the position of landmarks—or soothsayers made half supernatural by age—for some time. In Mr. Gosse's own words:

"If Mr. George Meredith is spared to us for ten years more, he will become one of those quasi-fabulous figures which stimulate curiosity so much, and serve so well to keep alight the flame of enthusiasm. But to find a single other name which can conceivably be put in the same topmost rank we must come down to a still younger generation—to Mr. Swinburne and his juniors—and it will be long, indeed, and far into the twentieth century, before Mr. Swinburne, *flos juventutis* of our poetry, can consent to be venerable."

MR. GOSSE next comes to the prevailing mode of literary expression—the novel. He considers the outburst of fiction under which we now labour to be disastrous, not only because it diverts readers from better things, but because it also turns authors into wrong channels.

"For example, Stevenson, manifestly born to be an essayist and perhaps a philosopher, was dragged, as a magnet draws a needle, to the irresistible rock of story-telling, and *Treasure Island*, begun as a joke for a boys' newspaper, was made the pioneer of a series of tales to which the author's exquisite style gave the persistence of literature. In Mrs. Humphry Ward a most accomplished literary critic has been lost to us; in Mr. George Moore a candid student of sociology; in Mr. Stanley Weyman a historian of the school of Robertson."

It is almost certain, says Mr. Gosse, that if *Modern Painters* or *The Grammar of Assent*

or even *The History of Civilisation* had been published within the last ten years, it would have scarcely attracted any attention at all, outside a narrow circle. It is more than probable that Buckle and Newman, if not Mr. Ruskin, would have resigned themselves to the inevitable, and have tried to present their views and convictions in the form of tales.

AN article in the *Phonetic Journal*, says a correspondent, includes Charles Kingsley among "men of genius" who wrote a good hand. Yet it was Kingsley who so shocked a timid correspondent by the Socialistic extravagance of a postscript which ran: "My station is Wokingham." She read it, "My trust is the working-man."

MOST of the boys and girls who have had the good fortune to read Mr. Kipling's two *Jungle Books* have laid them aside hoping for more. But it has been reserved for an American boy to put the question to the author. "Dear Clement," was Mr. Kipling's reply—"Yes, I know some more jungle stories, but they are so bad that I am afraid the mothers of the little boys who read the other stories wouldn't want them to read this second crop; this is the reason I have not written them." Still there are one or two good stories for children which have not yet found their way from the serials in which they appeared into a book: the incomparable "Maltese Cat," for example, and a stirring tale of a boy who acted as pilot on the Hooghli.

CONCERNING the very successful invasion of London by American actors, the *Critic* writes as follows: "It is the raciness of the plays we have sent them that has made them popular. Gillette with his American war drama, Neil Burgess with his Yankee spinster, have taken the town; and now Mr. Charles Frohman tells us that he is going to give them Mrs. Leslie Carter and her great bell-clapper act. Though curfews are not rung in America outside of Nantucket, it is an 'American' idea to have a woman swinging from the clapper of a bell to prevent its ringing. I am sure that heroic scene will thrill the British pit with a new thrill, one that even Wilson Barrett could not give it."

THE moral drawn by the *Critic* from this success is that if American writers as well as playwrights would achieve raciness, American books would be equally popular here. "It is only the American author, the mere writer of books, who is not getting that appreciation at the hands of English readers that he deserves. Our best writers, they claim, are too much like their own; give them something racy in books, as we have given them in plays, and we shall have no reason to complain." This probably is true. Mr. Bret Harte, for instance, was at one time extremely popular in this country, principally because of the raciness of his work.

Lorna Doone is to be added to the long list of novels obtainable in sixpenny editions.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are the publishers. Meanwhile Messrs. Blackwood will shortly issue Mr. Blackmore's new romance, *Daniel*, which has been running in "Maga," Messrs. Blackwood, by the way, are themselves contributing to the sixpenny editions of fiction by bringing out George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* in that form.

IN addition to the selection of the prose writings of the late W. B. Rands, better known under his pseudonym of Matthew Browne, which Mr. Brimley Johnson is editing for Mr. James Bowden, there is likely to be a new edition of his verses for children, the copyrights of which have recently been acquired by Mr. John Lane.

OWING probably to the success of *The Sowers*, and possibly to the illustrated covers in which the new edition is published, Mr. H. S. Merriman's story, *The Grey Lady*, which fell comparatively flat on its appearance in 1895, is having a belated season of popularity in America. Two editions have rapidly been purchased since the middle of July.

MR. C. H. SHANNON has been awarded a gold medal of the first class at the International Exhibition of Munich for his picture, "The Wounded Amazon," which appeared in this year's *Pageant*. Sir Edward Burne-Jones also receives a first-class gold medal for his "St. George and the Dragon" series, and Mr. John Swan for his drawings of animals.

MR. DAVID NUTT has now in the press, and will shortly publish, a book entitled *Gossip from a Muniment Room*, by Lady Newdegate of Arbury. It contains interesting details in the lives of two Fitton sisters, one of whom married Sir John Newdigate of Arbury, and the other was maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth. The private letters—of which the book is chiefly composed—tell their own tale, and give a curious insight into life behind the scenes of nearly three hundred years ago. Among Anne Newdigate's chief correspondents may be mentioned Sir William Knollys, Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Richard Leveson, and Francis Beaumont. The book will be illustrated from family portraits.

To Be Had In Remembrance is the title of a new anthology of poems concerning the future life, which Mr. Elliot Stock announces for early publication. The volume is edited by A. E. Chance, and illustrated with numerous designs by B. Montagu-Pollock.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & Co. will publish early in September another romance of military life, to be entitled *The Rip's Redemption*, from the pen of Mr. E. Livingston Prescott, whose story *Scarlet and Steel* recently aroused so much attention among Army men by reason of its strictures on flogging.

SHAKESPEARE AS A LONDONER.

THE pleasantly unusual view taken by Mr. Sidney Lee that, after all, we know a good deal about Shakespeare is not weakened by the fact that the London which Shakespeare knew is an open page to us. The page is mainly John Stow's. Many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and notably Ben Jonson, have left us vivid, racy pictures of London characters and customs; but Stow's plodding "Survey" enables us to see the whole, and to fit in the parts.

It was, indeed, a literary providence that raised up Stow among the Elizabethans. While they ransacked the world for beauty, the ages for tragedy, and exhausted euphony on their lines, this plain man was mapping out the streets and describing the churches and houses and shipping which constituted the centre and home of this literature, and of the human activities that inspired it and were by it inspired. We may be sure that Stow's love of London was shared by Shakespeare with added depths of love and insight proper to his larger mind. Shakespeare did not behold the London crowds, the palaces of the Strand, and the narrow, bustling alleys of the City unmoved; and to discover, as far as may be, just what he did see, and how he was affected by it, is no idle employment. It has been the employment, at all events, of Mr. T. Fairman Ordish, whose *Shakespeare's London*, recently published by Messrs. Dent & Co., is, we think, the first careful attempt to draw Shakespeare as a Londoner.

Mr. Ordish has had the wisdom not to fret about disputed facts and dates in Shakespeare's career. He has taken the generally accepted *life*, and after all no one who admits that Shakespeare was Shakespeare disputes that he spent his best years in London. How and why he came to London we do not know for certain. Supposing the deer-stealing story to be true, it is not clear that Shakespeare came to London immediately after, or in consequence of, that incident. There is some reason to believe that he went first to a village near Stratford. An old tradition had it that he supported himself for a time as a schoolmaster. But to London, sooner or later, Shakespeare must needs have come.

Being yet buoyant he may have been moved to travel thither by nothing more material than that passion to see the metropolis, to plunge into its crowds, and to be "of the centre," which still brings youths of twenty-two up from the counties. It is probable that Shakespeare came to London on foot by way of Oxford and High Wycombe. Even then the lights of London must have flared like "a misty dawn" on the night sky, and we may imagine that Shakespeare's heart throbbed a little as he drew near to the splendid city. Splendid it was. Let the reader look at Visscher's view of Elizabethan London, which Mr. Ordish reproduces as the frontispiece to his book, and declare whether this was not a London in which Shakespeare might have retained, as he did, his love of Nature, and have absorbed also his deep sense of the grandeur of cities, the majesty of law, and the humane influences of commerce.

Visscher's panoramic view, taken from Bankside in the very year of Shakespeare's death, seems like another providential contribution to our knowledge of the man. His personality eludes us. Not the less is it a joy and an education to approach inch by inch through any and every medium to a closer acquaintance with the greatest of Englishmen. And one can spend hours poring on Visscher's minutely careful view of London, and say at least: Thus London looked to Shakespeare! We are standing on Bankside just far enough back from the river for the view to include two curious octagonal buildings, one of which is labelled "The Globe" and the other "The Bear Gardne." Beyond these we see the backs of the houses that fringed the Surrey side of the river from St. Mary Over westward toward the site of Waterloo Bridge. Over these houses which lie low in the foreground we see the broad river. Visscher seems to have felt its majestic flow, and assuredly he felt its breeze; every sail, and there are many in his picture, is bellying proudly. Beyond, London proper stretches from the Tower to Charing Cross, throwing up its spires against the heights of Islington and Hampstead, and against the sky. London Bridge, sole link between the two banks, seems to groan under its houses and battle-mented entrances. The roof of the south gate is like a ghastly pincushion with its traitors' heads stuck on poles. Thence turrets and gables, closely packed, lead the eye across to Fish-street and Cannon-street. Old St. Paul's dominates all. Nor are rolling clouds—not mere conventions of the engraver, but such white cumuli as Londoners might then see in their pure sky, and reflected in their pure river—wanting to a scene majestic and complex enough to have been in Shakespeare's mind when he made Prospero predict the fading of "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea, all that it inherit."

Several neighbourhoods of London are believed to have been known to Shakespeare with the intimacy which comes of daily routine. The traditions agree that in his first seven years in London he existed, "by very mean employments," in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch. The father of Burbage, the actor, whose children claimed for him the distinction of being the first builder of playhouses, kept livery stables in Smithfield, and it was the custom of the town aristocracy to ride out to the two theatres—the "Theatre" and the "Curtain"—near Shoreditch Church. Shakespeare is said to have looked after the horses while their riders were absorbed in the play.

It may be surmised that in these years, being unattached—for it is certain that he saw little of his wife and children for eleven years after he left Stratford—Shakespeare joined in, or at least witnessed, the sports and pastimes of the town. He must often have walked in Finsbury Fields and seen the train-bands drilling and practising archery at the butts. One student has recently argued that Shakespeare was himself a practised archer. It has been noted that archery terms, correctly used, are scattered throughout the plays. Does not Shallow

exclaim on the death of "Old Double": "Jesu! Jesu! dead! a' drew a good bow. . . . Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehead shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see." Nor is Mr. Ordish without justification in suggesting that Shakespeare must have enjoyed many a walk northwards through the fields to Islington, Highbury, and to the woods and heaths of Highgate and Hampstead. It is not in the least necessary to suppose that Shakespeare brought most of his knowledge of nature from Warwickshire. Gerard's *Herbal* names hundreds of wild flowers that were to be found in the fields around London or at Hampstead, and many of these flowers are immortalised in the plays.

It was not long, however, before Shakespeare came further into the town. The theatrical companies of the Earl of Sussex, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Pembroke, were performing on the other side of the Thames, and Shakespeare became associated with them. Malone is the great supporter of the tradition that he lived between 1596 and 1608 on Bankside, close to the Globe Theatre, which had been opened there by the Burbages. It should be remembered that the "Globe" was burnt down in 1613, so that the building represented in Visscher's drawing is only the successor of the house that Shakespeare knew. But the Bear Garden, which had no such fate, appears as Shakespeare saw it. There are few more interesting transcripts of Elizabethan life in this quarter than the conversation about the bears, and particularly the notorious bear Sackerson, that takes place between Slender and Anne in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

If we accept the theory that for some years Shakespeare lived in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, we may accept Mr. Ordish's sketch of his daily journeys to and from Bankside. "Residing at St. Helen's, Shakespeare . . . must have frequently walked . . . along Bishopsgate, down Gracechurch-street (Grass-street, as it was called then, past Eastcheap, over the Bridge to the Clink. At this time, too, the Burbages had another theatre at Blackfriars; and, after attending a rehearsal at the Globe, Shakespeare would walk on past the pike-ponds to Paris Garden stairs, and take the ferry there to Blackfriars." Such surmises of Shakespeare's daily movements are reasonable and refreshing. Mr. Ordish makes an excellent point when he says: "It is probable that, had it been adequately known how many-sided was the life of London as it presented itself to Shakespeare, how full of variety in a small compass, some of the books that have been written to prove he was a lawyer or some other profession; that he must have been on the Continent, especially to Italy; that he must have made an ocean voyage in a ship, or what not; might not have seen the light."

What Shakespeare could not learn from London, from London's river, and from those books of which we know he was a student, he could leave to more learned and less gifted men.

THREE NEGLECTED BOOKS.

I.—"DAGONET THE JESTER."

It is a pleasant theory to nourish, that every deserving book sooner or later finds its way to those that can love it best. There is fate in these matters; a destiny that leads readers—by devious ways, it is true, and often very slowly, but surely enough—to those authors in whom they find most of that sympathy or attraction which it is the reader's end in life to discover. Some optimistic fatalists go farther and maintain that one always comes to a book at the right moment. Be that as it may, destiny is ever watchful to effect wise introductions. Sometimes her instrument is the reviewer: oftener this meeting grows out of conversations—a new friend always can tell us of a new book: now and then a belated appreciation performs the office; and it is not disagreeable to feel at this moment that it was destiny at our elbow which prompted the eulogy of three unobtrusive but real and individual little works that have never, we think, appealed to as many intellects as they should.

The first is *Dagonet the Jester*, by the ill-fated Malcolm Kingsley Macmillan, a tender, fragrant little fantasy of a nature very rare in English literature—the story of the Fool, or Jester, of my Lord Sandiacre; of the offence he gave to my Lady and consequent expulsion from the house; of his settlement in the village of Thorn Abbey as a cobbler; of his marriage to Nancy of the inn; of Nancy's change from ripe gaiety to seriousness; and of the bitter end their marriage had, by reason of the irreconcilability of the two natures—he being a child of nature, free of word and deed, untroubled by self-searchings and misgivings, void of offence; and she, though not less void of offence, fearful of impulse, anxious for her soul's good and his, a Puritan at heart. The period of the story is early Stuart, the border line of time dividing Merrie England on the one side and our own conscience-stricken England on the other. The historian is Master Aaron Blenkinsop, a boy of Dagonet's village, and the son of his best friend, Mistress Blenkinsop, and one who, coming under the patronage of the Sandiacres, grew to be a man of learning and a satirical wit.

It is a delicate, kindly fancy, touched with gentle communicative melancholy. The reader who desires a definite plot, or character-drawing firmly done in black and white, will find little to his mind here. The tints are low and faint and suggestion is more than statement. Yet why more persons are not familiar with the book is hard to say. We as a race may require facts boldly or extravagantly set down, but a steadily increasing number among us prefer the quieter way and are continually vigilant for good work. For those who would choose to be whispered to rather than shouted at Dagonet's story should have fascination: the good Aaron who tells the tale has so much of that indefinable quality which we call charm.

The title, truly, is a little misleading. When we see Jester on the cover of a book we expect fun; or, as in the case of Chicot,

adventure. But Dagonet offers more tears than laughter. He is not the rich man's Jester or Fool as, outside of Shakespeare (whose Fools are not the least radiant jewels in his crown of glory), he is understood in English literature. Dagonet rises head and shoulders above these. Dagonet is of the greatest, owning kinship with the fool in *Leopold* himself. His was that folly that lies nearest wisdom. Perhaps a better name for it is unpracticalness informed by wit, the negation of the trick of "getting on." The truest, gayest artists have it. Dagonet himself was an artist, in a day when men could be artists and not know it. He lived his own life.

Lady Sandiacre, being a vain woman blinded by conceit, missed Dagonet's rectifying smile when one night he offered her a quip, and he was straightway led to the confines of the park by his lordship, who, with tears in his eyes, bade the Fool farewell. At this point the story opens. Dagonet then settled down in the neighbouring village to cobble, and to be as merry as God willed amid the insidious beginnings of Puritanism. He lodged with the blacksmith Blenkinsop and Mistress Blenkinsop, the mother of Aaron, who tells the tale; and Mistress Blenkinsop that morning sent to the "George" for a flagon of Burgundy for breakfast, "wishing, as she said, to let Master Dagonet down easily from that high estate to which he had been used." This Mistress Blenkinsop is a notable figure:

"Dagonet," said Aaron later, "was born into a world which left confession to the parson. Much of his life was lived before every man was fain to be considered a priest, and when even the priest could look with smiling on May games and May blossoms. My mother was another such forest changeling, and minded her, as Dagonet doth still, of the green and growing earth, though my father could see nothing but the blackness of the Ironsides' empire between our tender lives and the avenging fires of God."

Thus, we find Dagonet suffering not alone from the invasion of conscience. Mistress Blenkinsop breathed the same air; she, too, was very nigh to Nature's heart. Fiction is rich in good mothers, but few have more charm than this winsome dame. Yet too much even for her, with her indomitable spirit and sense, was the seriousness setting in at that time, and she, too, became troubled in mind and lost her gaiety. With her death the first part of the book, made valuable chiefly by her share in it, closes.

In the second part, twelve years later, we find a new Lord Sandiacre, young and foolish, with Aaron as his secretary. The scene opens with the return of my Lord to his home. He paused at the "George" for liquor, which was brought to him by the other woman of the story, Nancy Cotes, "that beautiful whirlwind," as Aaron calls her. "When my Lord dismounted she strode up and threw one arm over his horse's neck, looking at us all with a kind of reckless defiance." My Lord was struck, and Dagonet, standing by, saw it. It was perhaps with a view to her protection that a few days later Dagonet and Nancy were married; and with that step came the beginning of the end.

Dagonet was not for the fetters of marriage, nor had Nancy enough breadth of mind to admit so elvish a nature as her husband's. The Jester was the soul of kindness, but Nancy grew daily more anxious and less and less the beautiful whirlwind. Indeed, the memory of that day when she brought the drinking-cup to the young lord and met his eyes with gaze of equal frankness dwelt with her. The Calvinistic preacher was abroad, damnation was in the air, and weak vessels who had not sinned imagined sins with which to torture themselves. She was another of Puritanism's victims.

In such an atmosphere Dagonet languished and grew faint; moreover, his popularity in the village had gone; he was eyed askance. Scandal was talked of him. Wit was in bad odour, gaiety in worse. Dagonet, Nancy complained, could do nothing for her soul. He could not see. She wished to convince him of her love, but also of her unworthiness, and he would not understand. "He only pats and strokes me with 'Good child! good child! I do most exceedingly love thee. And what a heart is thine too, Nanny! Be merry and love me as thou canst.'" No wonder that, observing this condition of things, Aaron exclaimed: "Woe unto the prophets of woe! Woe unto those that are ever urging on the poor soul to probe into its sores and its sins, as if a mere thought of evil should float for ever like a cloud before the Mercy Seat." Aaron's last glimpse of husband and wife together was one cold evening when Nancy's mood was for the moment gay almost as of old:

"Looking in I saw through the cloud of smoke a most singular scene. With his back to me, and dressed in his old jester's suit, sat Dagonet, the married cobbler, drinking in tobacco, and making sharp strokes in the air with his bauble. Facing me, with a window-sill at her right hand, where were set holly-boughs and yew-twigs in a rich confusion, sat Nancy his wife. She had just been giving suck to her little boy, and her right breast shone through the firelight and blue smoke like a sea-foam of a creamy gold, blown suddenly into a glorious orb, and touching the sea-floor like another sun."

"Be merry, little knave," Dagonet was saying to his son, "but take to thee early the garment of wisdom and the mask of gravity"; and then Nancy produced from a secret place a little suit of motley for the child, and all were as merry as larks. But of a sudden Nancy's mood changed and she became sober again, and called for a truce to gaiety. It was Dagonet's last trial. He rose and slipped softly out with a bundle in his arms, while Nancy turned to the study of Ezekiel.

"I go to take the air," Dagonet said, "and spell out on the gravestones the names of some of my dead cronies." Some while later a suspicion came upon Nancy and Aaron that all was not well, and they set out to look for their friend. They sought in vain; but meeting with one Jock learned that he had but half an hour since talked with the Fool in the churchyard. He carried a torch and was reading the names on the stones. "Oh, for the goodly company of my friends who lie below," he had

said—"Master Blenkinsop and his wife. . . . There will be no such cronies for me again. They reminded me never of my dishonour. And they who are left can think of nothing else." Dagonet was never seen alive again. They found him dead against Mistress Blenkinsop's tomb.

If you like to read a deeper meaning into the story you may. The author, indeed, helps you to it. In the transformed Nancy, so debonair by nature, so free and frank in her youth, and latterly so conscious of her soul's danger, and so timorous of spontaneity, you may discover the beginnings of that morbid desire for safety in the after-life from which so many have since suffered. "The conscience-stricken plaining mother at my side," said the observant Aaron, "was a type of the new woman, in whom the sense of sin was to be the predominant feature." And again, at the end: "For I think ever of the sap of the merry greenwood and the life-streams of England's wanton revelry frozen suddenly in Dagonet's beloved form." We may, indeed, if we like, consider *Dagonet the Jester* its author's protest against a world whose atmosphere is too bitter for the genial soul of the artist. Many a writer has come to this conclusion—it is native to the artistic temperament—but few have stated it more reasonably. A man had to feel deeply and love England and mankind well to write such a book as *Dagonet the Jester*. It is a persuasive plea for a franker life, less fearful and more merry: "Woe unto those who are ever urging on the poor soul to probe into its sores and its sins, as if a mere thought of evil should float for ever like a cloud before the Mercy Seat."

ART.

THE TATE GALLERY.

I.

IT might have been hoped that the experiment of a Greek façade in the London climate and London light had been sufficiently proved. In all the hope of the whiteness of the quarry and of the quarried stone, in the confidence of tradition, the new architect, age by age, has made the attempt anew, in indomitable defiance of the smoke, of time, nay of the sun itself. For the London sun does not ride so high that he can be tempted to lodge horizontal shadows under the levels of the heavy Grecian lines; he is a sun wheeling somewhat low—or somewhat low on an average—round the sky, and, therefore, a sun whose shadows are to be caught by the outstanding buttresses and the flying lateral members of the Gothic order. But there they stand, the triumphs of hope over experience, the Greek porticos banished from the upright Southern sun, and water-coloured so dead black at the freakish will of the soot and rain that the question of shadows is quenched on their pediments and among their columns for ever. That capricious aquarelle of the London winter climate takes little account of the hollows and shelters of architecture, and blackens impartially; the structure lodges pallid,

grey, half-hearted London shadows that are absorbed in the local black, as the half-sunshine is also. There is no play of natural climate over a blackened building in London upon which the artificial climate of smoke has done its work. Yet here, in the Tate Gallery, is an undiscouraged public building, Corinthian as to its portico, and raised on the horizontal lines of the South, save only that the cupola springs into air in defiance of everything. And for the moment the clear whiteness of the structure, and the sun of summer noon-day seem to justify the old experiment—all looks brilliant. And the architect is to be much commended for making some attempt to suit the scale, and especially the height of his building, to the style. The Tate Gallery is not only in its parts, but in its completeness, fairly proportionate to human life. Therefore it composes well with the river, among other things—nay, with the cloud itself.

Whiteness and a shedding of strong light rule everything within, and the recesses of the domed central hall hold, in sharp contrast, the dark bronzes of the statues—Lord Leighton's "Sluggard" and "Athlete"; Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Teucer," of which Millais said that if it were but a little injured, and had been dug up, it would have the respect it would never get to the full, being whole; the "Boy at Play" of Mr. Goscombe John, and the "Perseus Rescuing Andromeda," the buoyant and vivid work of Mr. H. C. Fehr. The "Boy," with its balance and its action, is a work somewhat lacking in beauty, and the sculpture of action is not entirely justified by Mr. Fehr's placing his Perseus on the back of his dragon, which lies crouching upon his Andromeda. The winged sandals, and the spirit, and the alighting movement of this well-designed figure, hardly do away with the sense of an added burden upon the undermost Andromeda. The "Sluggard," the "Athlete," and the "Teucer" are also all so many examples of the sculpture of action, but the action here is not dependent upon so delicate a thing as the very flutter, as it were, of poise. It is worth saying that the pretty and cheerful fountains circled out in the pavement should have something to mark them for the pre-occupied feet of strolling Westminster people, unused to find goldfish and lilies in their path, the while their eyes are wandering over the subtle lines of Mr. Onslow Ford's statuette of "Folly" just beyond. The two drinking fountains are very well imagined. They give a local air at once to the Gallery—a building set in the midst of a poor riverside people, whose children straggle in from the dust of the alley and the tramway street.

The pictures within might be expected to present the effect of a trebly mixed motive; but, after all, there is no cause why the pictures chosen by the judgment of Mr. Tate and those selected by the Council of the Royal Academy should specially differ; nor why these two sections should be unlike (except upon the matter of age in a few instances) from the pictures eased out of the National Gallery. Every collection is heterogeneous, and this

not more than another. But the hanging, in such a Gallery, should be above reproach. If the arrangement is temporary, it would be well to make some confidence on that point to the public; but for the present, at least, all confidences are markedly withheld, and we do not yet know whether we are to be guided by a catalogue, or whether the far better way—the only national way—will be taken in giving every picture its name upon the frame. When the building is complete, then, possibly, Cecil Lawson's "August Moon," Mr. Henry Tuke's "August Blue," the hill-side cattle picture of Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Lady Butler's "Remnants of an Army" will no longer be hung at their present height. If the "August Moon" were to continue where it is there would be an abiding reason for outcry; for it is lifted up on the top of the "Derby Day."

"August Blue" is a brilliant and beautiful picture, and, merely to match Mr. Tuke with himself, "All Hands to the Pumps," for all its many excellences, must be judged to be less perfect upon the point of action. It is too late to complain of the Chantrey choice in certain instances (and there is cause) but it is never out of date to approve the happy readiness that took possession of such a radiant work as Mr. Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose." The utmost of delicacy, the extremity of refinement, without a moment of exaggeration of what is sweet and fastidious—a tact and choice without reproach—go with his triumphant sense of beauty in its rarer form. White is to be painted with one of two beauties—the hidden gold of Sir Joshua Reynolds or the cool latent violet which is the secret of the white of Mr. Sargent. Both are, at their best, so fine that by the white rather than by any colour are we inclined to judge a colourist able to charm us so. Of both kinds of white the beauty consists, needless to say, in the light, for there is as much light in the white opal of Mr. Sargent as in the glow of the warmer manner—and with light, spirit. The painting of the white dresses and of the fine childish flesh in the faces and necks of the "Carnation Lily" children is one of the most spiritual things ever done by colour.

It is a mingled pleasure to see again, in a good light, the famous "Ophelia" of Millais. The beautiful painting of the ordinary face is undeniable, but the beauty of the accessories—especially the bush of open wild roses—has to be sought for. For example, there is no manifest sunshine in the picture, and the strong green of the leaves does not look like the green of sunshine, but yet in the almost microscopically-seen middle of every rose there lies, as in a cup, a golden glow of sunlight, radiantly painted. It was apparently a part of the fashion—as a protest against prettiness—to paint the heroines of poetry with the faces of dressmakers—not prosperous dressmakers—and with expressions of head-ache. "Digging the Grave" seems really much inferior to this rich "Ophelia"; it is a hard picture, much more intent upon colour and contrasts than upon harmonies and lights. Its interest is almost all in the subject, with its vigorous gloom and sentiment. The

figure of the nun who is brawnily spading the grave-mould out is in fact strongly conceived, but the novice sitting by is somewhat sentimental, and singularly ununlike. There are some yet living who tell us that they saw the picture when the face of this vestal was of the ugliness sought for by the resolutely retrograde "advance" of the time; when Millais, many years later, relaxed the rule, he gave his nun the present rather handsome face. "The North-West Passage" represents Millais at a far different time; and "Speak! Speak!" is the most ably painted of the pictures of the last years, most of which the master's best admirers would gladly see destroyed.

The number of works by that poor painter E. M. Ward, to whom, in the day of our boastfulness, was entrusted some of the decoration of the House of Lords, is disproportionately large; they are disagreeably well-known to us all; so is the blatant "Hamlet" of Maclise, so is the work of the less obtrusive and quite undistinguished Augustus Egg; so is much else that for many years diminished the dignity of the official national collection in Trafalgar-square. For the landscape of Linnell we have no tolerance: it is lightless, spiritless, and violent.

DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH the stage has seldom been more fully given up to frivolity than at the present moment, Shakespeare continues to hold his own, and more. He is an important item in most of Sir Henry Irving's seasons (though, to be sure, next winter, with "two new plays and three new playwrights" coming forward, there may not be much room for him at the Lyceum); Mr. Tree announces "Julius Caesar" in addition to "Hamlet" for the coming season at Her Majesty's; and Mr. Forbes Robertson, occupying the Lyceum in Sir Henry Irving's absence, intends to give "Hamlet" and possibly one other Shakespearean play. All this betokens a praiseworthy devotion to "the legitimate." One wonders how far it is dictated by the natural desire of our rising or risen actors to range themselves in line with the great names of the past and how far by the demand of the public for classic drama. Assuredly the former consideration is not without its importance. Plays such as "Virginius" and "The Hunchback" have outlived their period solely because they are associated with famous personalities with whom the modern actor and actress like to bring themselves into juxtaposition, and naturally Shakespeare forms a useful connecting link and a standard of comparison for all dramatic periods. This is one reason why the classic drama can never be left out of the reckoning. Yet supposing one to be familiar with the dramatic and literary beauties of "Hamlet" (as the experienced playgoer is), the margin of novelty left for each new rendering of the central character must be comparatively small. What is there to be learnt of the character of the Prince of Denmark that

the histrionic and critical genius of this century alone has not amply revealed? The pessimist might well be pardoned for complaining of the "damnable iteration" displayed in the continued revival of "Hamlet."

On the other hand, the living texture of the drama, the play of character apart from the story (which many of the cultured intellects of the Latin races still take no more kindly to than did Voltaire), seems to exercise a spell over the public. The tradition may or may not be strictly accurate that, in the days when Shakespeare was more frequently played in the provinces than he is, the gallery boys were occasionally known to prompt the leading actor. But a significant fact is this, that when Mr. Tree interrupted the run of "The Silver Key," in order to close his season with a performance or two of "Hamlet" at Her Majesty's, he had crowded houses; which may imply, indeed, a sense of duty on the part of the public to patronise "the legitimate," but which is more likely to be the outcome of a keen interest in the treatment of the character *per se*.

To whatever cause the continued popularity of the legitimate drama may be set down, the fact is one of excellent import, especially in such periods of dramatic frivolity as that through which we happen to be passing. For it must not be forgotten that a country with magnificent dramatic traditions may, nevertheless, lose taste for its masterpieces. Spain is a case in point. All the great names in Spanish drama are now relegated to the upper shelf; the theatres of the Peninsula being given up mainly to musical farce, or translations of French modern pieces, with a small and insignificant leavening of Echegaray, Perez Galdos, and other native writers. Bull-fighting has killed tragedy in Spain. It is the one great national sport, and in second and third-rate provincial towns it can be reckoned to draw a mighty concourse of 10,000 or 12,000 spectators at prices that compare with our highest theatrical tariff. In ancient Rome the combats of the gladiators inspired a distaste for the feeble and more subdued effects of mimic tragedy, and so it is with the *corrida de toros*, which tolerates beside it only the *zarzuelas* of the popular stage. Perhaps the taste of the day is not in itself too favourable to tragedy. How the classic drama would fare in France at the present time but for the operation of the subsidised theatres it is hard to say. Certainly private managerial enterprise seldom or never leans in that direction, and the devotees of the old school are constantly lamenting the decay of the national taste for that class of entertainment.

It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that in the West-end theatres of London there should be such a recrudescence of classicism as the announcements for the coming season denote. Mr. Tree's "Hamlet," of which we are to have a further taste, is a curiously æsthetic, and one might almost say feminine, rendering of the character. While deficient in virility, by comparison with the rugged

interpretations known to the stage, it is almost surcharged with the airs and graces wherewith this romantic actor adorns his more imaginative work. Mr. Tree's is a tender, refined Hamlet, as indulgent with Ophelia, except where he detects her seeming duplicity, as he is impatient with the senilities of Polonius. He is never a mad Hamlet, but his nature is obviously too sensitive and highly strung for life at the Court of Elsinore. Like most leading actors of the present day, Mr. Tree has his favourite readings. Of these,

"The cat will mew, the dog will have his bay,"

is perhaps the most striking. It is one of those which, if they did not rest upon some authority, might well be invented to suit the sense of the text. That every dog has his "day," according to the accepted version, has become proverbial, and will no doubt retain its place in popular speech, but on literary grounds there is much to be said for Mr. Tree's emendation. Evidently the line is meant to express an antithesis, and baying to a dog is as natural as mewing to a cat. Moreover, baying as applied to dogs was a word familiar to Shakespeare, who elsewhere uses it, as in the passage:

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon," &c.

THE typical summer piece continues its career. In its latest form it is presented, at the Criterion, as an adaptation from the German of forty or fifty years ago, under the title of "The Sleeping Partner." Neither the age nor the origin, however, of a summer piece matters, provided it belongs to what we are accustomed to regard as the more primitive school of humour or dramatic effect. "Primitive" is the appropriate word in the present instance. The piece is concerned with the relations of a father, a daughter, and a son-in-law. The father finding a room stuffy throws up the "practicable" window; the son closes it. This is repeated several times to peals of laughter from an unsophisticated house. Then the mechanical joke is reversed with equal effect, the son opening the window and the father as regularly closing it. Afterwards much merriment is produced by a butler's insisting upon laying the tea-table at inopportune moments, until finally he is kicked out with such violence that he falls down and smashes the tray—a stroke of humour which is equivalent to the time-honoured joke of sitting down on a handbox, or the buttered slide of the Christmas clown. The serious side of the piece is hardly more impressive. Through the excessive devotion to each other of a father and daughter, the latter becomes temporarily estranged from her husband. The sentiment here is forced and maudlin, though tactfully rendered by Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Lena Ashwell as the young couple, and Mr. James Welch as the father, the sleeping but still aggressive member of the firm. Summer audiences, however, when they are not on the guffaw, like to be on the whimper. It is a curiously old-fashioned phase of theatrical effect that the typical summer piece presents.

J. F. N.

SCIENCE.

I ALLUDED last week to the miner's fancy that diamonds were a gift from heaven, and added the interesting explanation given by Sir William Crookes, that diamonds were common in meteoric stones. It is somewhat of a coincidence that there should immediately afterwards appear in *Nature* (reprinted from the *American Journal of Science*) a paper by the late Prof. Hubert Newton, proving that all over the world it has been customary to worship meteorites as gods. Some of the instances quoted are so interesting that a short list of them would not be out of place. The oldest of all is one that was found in an Ohio mound on a brick altar, surrounded by numerous apparently sacred or ornamental objects. What its significance may have been we can only conjecture. It is otherwise with the cases of stones placed on record as worshipped by African tribes, by Buddhist Hindus, and by Japanese and Chinese astronomers. In 1492 a stone weighing 300 lb. fell in Alsace, and was regarded by the Emperor Maximilian as such a portent that a Council of State was held to consider its meaning, and it was solemnly placed in a church. Raphael painted into an altarpiece in the Vatican a fireball which fell at Crema, and was held to have brought deliverance to Italy from the French. It is in classical theology, however, that Prof. Newton claims the most striking part for his meteorites. He holds the distinction between *εἰδωλόν*, an image, and the earlier *ἀγαλμα* to prove that shapeless objects were worshipped before statues, and then tries to show that all images reputed to have fallen from heaven were either meteorites or statues which replaced meteorites. Thus the earliest statue of Aphrodite at Paphos was such a stone, rude and triangular in shape. So was the image of Artemis at the Tauric Chersonnese, celebrated in the legend of Iphigeneia. The Palladium of Troy is described in terms which bespeak a meteoric origin; whether it was in this form that the reputed Palladium was brought to Rome and guarded by the Vestal Virgins there are no means of knowing. Quite otherwise is it with the famous statue of Cybele at Pessinus, celebrated by Catullus in the "Attis." This was the "Idæan goddess," whose transport to Rome by command of the Sibylline oracle was supposed to have been operative in driving Hannibal out of Italy. The appearance of this "divinity" is described by many writers, in whose lifetimes it still existed as an object of worship. It was conical in shape, and resembled a needle of brown lava. When its temple on the Palatine was explored by Lanciani it could not be found. The clue to its disappearance is probably to be found in a note of 1730, when the temple was searched, and the author records his disappointment at finding no statue, but only a brown stone. After the foregoing we are not surprised at being told that the Ephesian Diana was in her earliest form most probably a meteorite, and that the statue which afterwards became so famous was either due to a desire for

artistic improvement, or else was a device of the gold and silversmiths, who made a living by the sale of replicas. One other interesting meteoric relic is mentioned by Prof. Newton. The veneration of the inhabitants of Arabia for their stone god was so deep-rooted that Mohammed spared it. "To-day that stone is the most sacred jewel of Islam."

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

London: August 14.

After the use by Mr. Chambers of such expressions as "taking refuge in an unworthy quibble," "a very red-herring of a conjecture," "an argument *pour rire*," I might not unreasonably decline further correspondence. There is, however, one matter which I can scarcely pass over without notice. I am asked to "print in full" a certain letter in the Marquis of Salisbury's collection from Sir Edward Fitton to Cecil (dated August 5, 1600) "and add to it any other letters from Fitton to Cecil of the same date which may be in the collection." Other letters from Fitton to Cecil of the same date have, I should suppose, no existence. But, of the letter more particularly mentioned, I do not know that I ever had a complete copy. Lord Salisbury and his librarian, Mr. E. T. Gunton, were very liberal and kind in giving facilities for the research. Complete or partial copies of letters were sent, as seemed necessary. Some letters I personally inspected. Mr. Gunton, indeed, seemed to take a personal interest in the investigation. Mr. Chambers may rely upon it that nothing was withheld which was likely to elucidate Mary Fitton's early history. Without much better reason than at present appears, I cannot ask Lord Salisbury that further trouble should be taken in relation to the matter. Mr. Chambers does not allude to the really important fact that objection was made to paying "her portion" to Sir Edward's daughter (certainly not Mary Fitton's sister, who, since 1587, had been Anne Newdigate, and who was not at all likely to be "hindered") on the ground that the discharge was not a good one.

It is at least possible, as I said previously, that additional light may be thrown on the matter by the Fitton letters at Arbury which Mrs. Newdigate is editing. When I saw this lady—now some time ago—she told me she intended making a thorough research. This, I presume, she has done. The book is, I understand, already in the press, and may be expected shortly.

With regard to the supposed allusion to the relations between Pembroke and Shakespeare in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, and the authorship of the poem, "Soules ioye, when I am gone," &c., I need only refer to what was actually said in my book.

THOMAS TYLER.

SPANISH PROTESTANTS.

On reading in the last issue of your paper the notice of *Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century*, in which it is regretted that the book did not appear *in toto*, I am reminded of the well-known fable, in which the man was driven into carrying the donkey in his efforts to please the public, for it was only because all the chief London publishers declined to bring out the complete translation of the original, on the ground that the subject was not of sufficient public interest to warrant the expense, that, to my great regret, I found myself obliged to concede to the condition of its abridgment.

In justice to my work, I trust I may be permitted to say that the author (Dr. Wilkens) has himself written to me to say that he is greatly pleased with my compilation of his work, as his diffuse style and want of methodical arrangement would have prevented the translation of the original being satisfactory to English readers; while he was glad to find I had omitted no point of historical interest.

When the reviewer says: "At no time could Spain be said to present a promising field for the dissemination of Protestant ideas," he seems to have overlooked the late Lord Plunket's Introduction to my compiled volume, in which he says there are now fifty Protestant native congregations in Spain and Portugal, embracing among them considerably more than 10,000 souls.

RACHEL CHALLICE.

HERRICK AND MARTIAL.

Oxford: August 17.

In reference to Dr. W. F. Cobb's letter in the current number, allow me to say, that though I have often read Martial's famous epigram (x. 47), I was not thinking of it at the time of writing my own version of Herrick's lines. The "*sine lite dies*" and the "*focum perennem*" came to me as an almost literal translation of the English. The other epigram (ii. 90) I did not even know, though, of course, I see now that Herrick's first two lines are an exact reproduction of the lines which Dr. Cobb quotes. He asks how I scan *accedat* in my third line; but where is the difficulty? Surely "*Hic (not hic) sup̄ | accē | dat*," &c., is according to rule.

Thanking you for the favourable notice of my Selections which appeared in the ACADEMY of July 31.

C. S. JERRAM.

MR. BORLASE ON IRISH ARCHEOLOGY.

London: August 18.

In reply to my friend Mr. Alfred Nutt's letter in your issue of August 14, I beg to assure him that the two sentences which he places in inverted commas are not my own, but my reviewer's, and that they do not represent my views on the subject, as Mr. Nutt will discover for himself when he reads my work.

It naturally cannot be expected of me that I should reply to the criticisms of those who have not even seen my book. On the other hand, however, nothing will give me greater pleasure than to have errors pointed out to me of which in my preface I admit there must be many dispersed through my 1,234 pp., and to have at the same time occasion afforded me of defending the position I have taken up in the latter portion of vol. iii., and of supplementing, by additional material, my evidences as to the stem-lands of the Picts and Scots, the pivot on which the question of the origin of the subject-matter of Irish tradition must inevitably rest.

With regard to the "strained etymologies" to which my reviewer, in his generally appreciative article, somewhat vaguely alludes, and in which he probably includes my derivation of *Boroimbe* (popularly spelt *Boru*). I should like to be allowed to point out that I have just been made aware that the same view—namely, that the word originally meant the "Cow-Tribute of Rome," that is, the contribution in kine levied by the Romans on the barbarian tribes of the North—has recently, and quite independently, been adopted by an eminent French philologist.

WILLIAM C. BORLASE.

[We wish to state that a few errors of spelling which crept into the letter from Mr. Alfred Nutt, printed in our last issue, were due to a failure of the post.—Ed. ACADEMY.]

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